

# NATIONAL MAGAZINE

Edited by *Joe Mitchell Crapple*



**"Caught Napping"**

BOSTON

DECEMBER 1905 VOL. 23 NO. 3

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# CHICAGO'S STREET RAILWAY DEADLOCK

"IMMEDIATE MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP," COMMANDED BY VOTERS IN THE SPRING ELECTION, IS BLOCKED BY A HOSTILE CITY COUNCIL, A HOSTILE NEWSPAPER PRESS, AND THE ACTIVE OPPOSITION OF THE LARGE FINANCIAL INTERESTS OF THE WESTERN METROPOLIS

By Mayor Edward F. Dunne

**M**AYOR'S office, Chicago, November 10, 1905, Dear Sir:—In answer to your letter of November 8, 1905, I would say that I am not at all surprised that the Associated Press is sending to eastern newspapers many dispatches declaring that I have practically given up the idea of the municipalization of the street railways of Chicago and that I contemplate resigning my position very shortly.

Ever since I have taken office, my position has been misrepresented both by the Associated Press and the newspapers of this city. It is wholly untrue that I have abandoned the hope of municipalizing the street railways of Chicago, and the statement that I am about to resign is maliciously false. Neither assertion is warranted by anything that I have ever said or done.

On the contrary, I am confident that the will of the people, as expressed at the polls, will be carried into effect sooner or later in this city.

I have been hampered by a hostile council and a hostile press. When I was first inducted into office, I had to face one of the most widespread and exasperating strikes that has ever existed in this city. It lasted one hundred and five days and was in force two days before I was inaugurated.

During the strike I appointed special traction counsel to inquire into the legal

aspects of the traction question and discovered within sixty days after I took my seat that one hundred and thirty miles of trackage, out of a total of seven hundred, are being operated after the expiration of the franchises thereon.

On July 5, I sent a message to the council, calling their attention to that fact and to the further fact that before November 1, 1908, two hundred and seventy-four miles of the total trackage of the city would be lying upon streets upon which the franchises would expire by that date. In the same message I called the attention of the council to the fact that municipal ownership could be put into operation in only one of two ways. First, by the issuance of Mueller certificates under the Mueller law, which would necessitate the submission to the people of the question as to whether or not these certificates should be issued, entailing a delay of at least six months, and secondly a further delay of six months or more during which the validity of the Mueller certificates could be tested in the supreme court of the state. These serious delays might prevent our placing municipal ownership in force until my term of office expired—two years.

The other plan contemplated the creation of a construction company composed of five men of integrity and business character whose views were

## CHICAGO'S STREET RAILWAY DEADLOCK

favorable to municipal ownership. These men, according to the plan, were to incorporate a corporation which would act as a constructing company for the city. When incorporated the company should receive a charter for twenty years, empowering it to build, construct and operate until they were paid the cost of construction, the company to bind itself to submit all plans, specifications, etc., for the construction of the road to the city council and have the same approved, and to issue sufficient bonds to enable them to build the road, the bonds not to exceed the cost of the road and to bear five per cent. interest. All the profits of operation over and above five per cent. should be paid into a sinking fund to the credit of the city of Chicago. The managers and directors of the company, those acting in the interest of the city, to receive no return upon their stock and no emoluments of any character except reasonable compensation for their services to be agreed upon by the company and the city council.

Thus would be created a construction company which upon the faith of a twenty-year franchise could raise sufficient money for the issuance of bonds to build a road immediately. The city would obtain the benefit of all profits from the operation of the road at once and the company could receive no profit except the interest upon the money invested.

Both of these plans were submitted to the city council on July 5, 1905, and referred by the council to the committee on transportation. I expressed my preference for the construction plan which I called the "contract plan," but the council has taken no action on either plan. After waiting for three months for some action, I sent several messages to the council calling their attention to the vote of the people as expressed at the polls and respectfully urged them to take action according to the people's desire. They have absolutely refused

to pay any attention to the same, and the transportation committee which has the matter in charge, upon its own initiative, has invited the present traction companies to present forms of ordinances for the renewal of their franchises for twenty years. They are hurrying through these ordinances with the utmost expedition at the present time. Every move I have made in the council in favor of municipal ownership has been defeated by majorities of from forty-seven to forty-two, to eighteen to twenty-two. I am practically powerless so far as the council is concerned. The council, however, has agreed to pass no ordinance that shall not provide for a referendum before the people. I am very confident that when the extension ordinances are submitted to the people they will vote them down next Spring.

I have prepared and presented to the council an ordinance in favor of municipal ownership on which the people will vote at the same time.

**In addition to having an unfriendly council, I am further handicapped by the fact that every paper in the city except the Hearst papers are doing all they can to thwart municipal ownership, and all the banking interests and capitalists of the city seem to be in league to prevent the consummation of municipal ownership in this city.**

None the less I believe the people will insist upon carrying out their wishes already thrice expressed at the polls. I have kept every pledge that I made to the people, and intend to fight this thing out to the end, notwithstanding all of the misrepresentation, vilification and abuse that may be showered upon me and the cause I was elected to further.

Very truly yours,  
E. F. DUNNE

Frank Putnam, Esq.,  
The National Magazine,  
Boston, Mass.



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# Affairs at Washington

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*



AMERICAN people naturally turn their eyes toward Washington. It does not follow that the capital offers a panacea for all that is wrong in the nation's affairs, and the anomalous will be found there as in other cities. Perhaps one of the things most likely to impress a stranger coming to this country today is the fact that though the country is revelling in prosperity so far as natural products are concerned, yet the stock market is dull and leaden. This declares very conclusively — as pointed out to me by one gentleman with whom I talked — that the people have lost confidence to a large extent in the financial leaders, and are now turning their eyes toward Washington for deliverance from conditions which, while in no way calamitous, suggest a spirit of distrust and dissatisfaction even in the sunlight of prosperity.

Personal impressions in Washington

did not confirm the idea that much would be done by congress this Winter in the way of tariff revision. But there is a grand array of reciprocity treaties left by John A. Kasson, as well as long-cherished plans of the late John Hay, and these are likely to stalk forth like specters on Hallowe'en, in the halls to congress this Winter. Reciprocity has long been used as a sort of lever to bring about revisions in the tariff, and tariff revisions are beginning to be the order of the day; it looks as though they would be finally effected through reciprocity channels.

As the president has insisted on the members of the cabinet not talking on the way from the executive office, I had to go around to their offices to get them to talk to me. Formerly they used to come and assemble in the anteroom and the newspaper men had a chance then; but now they are not permitted to do this. Hereafter, cabinet ministers coming from the White House doors are exempt from interviews.



HONORABLE JOHN MCLANE, WHO AS GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE ENTERTAINED THE PEACE COMMISSIONERS AT PORTSMOUTH

Photograph copyright 1904 by Purdy, Boston

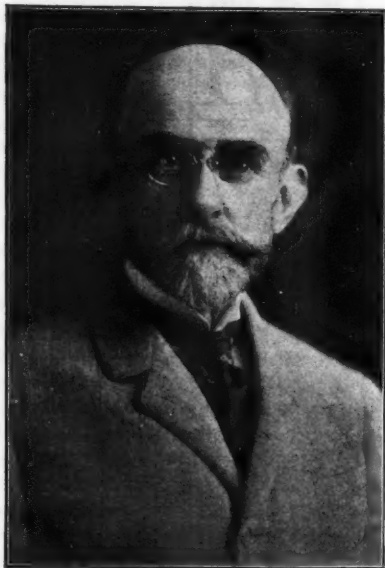
**I** MADE my way to the second floor of the war and navy building, where there are three cabinet offices. First in the gloom of the corridors I approached the office of the secretary of state, and what memories it awakened of the gallant Colonel Hay! In room 208 is a tireless worker. Secretary Root never undertakes a task that he does not bring to completion. His office hours are rather difficult to measure. If he has a matter in hand which requires his personal attention until seven or eight o'clock, here he is to be found. Radiant in a white vest, with his brow wrinkled but with lips firmly set in the determination completely to organize and executivize whatever is before him, Elihu Root is oblivious to the flight of time.

During the days that I was there, I saw a constant procession of senators from department to department, busy with various matters.

Among them I noticed Uncle Shelby

Cullom of Illinois and his colleague, Senator Hopkins. Midway in the building I found Secretary Taft, sitting by the large globe in the projecting window of his office; with a thoughtful frown on his brow he was going over some of the problems growing out of the Panama project, for the purpose is to dig, and dig it will be on the Isthmus. No matter how harrassing the difficulties which come up one by one, there is always a dimple ready to come into play on the face of the genial, good-natured secretary of war.

Directly across from the war department is the navy department, and entering there you look upon the lineal descendant of Napoleon Bonaparte, who is giving strenuous attention to the American navy. No one can meet Secretary Bonaparte without feeling that he is a man of power and purpose, absolutely earnest and sincere in his work. Few men, perhaps, are more in harmony with



JOSEPH B. BISHOP, GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION

Photograph by Harrie-Ewing, Washington

the president in their general line of policy.

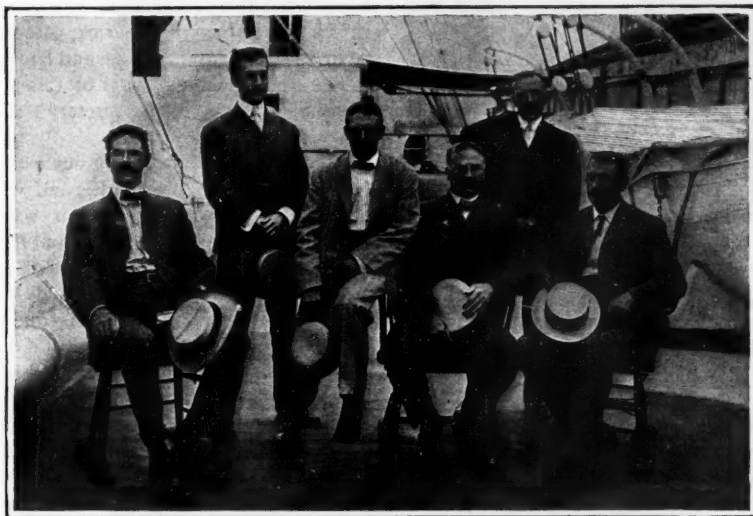
AFTER this visit I went down the avenue—a five minutes' walk—and dropped in to see Secretary Shaw. He was just then meeting Sir John Murray, assistant chancellor of the exchequer of England. I could not help noticing how much the chancellor was interested in the story which the secretary told him. It concerned the manner of appointing

judge: "I am elected for life."

"Or good behavior," was the significant response, "I think I am likely to serve the longer term of the two."

The old idea about Englishmen not enjoying a joke was not verified in this case, for the listener to Secretary Shaw's anecdote laughed heartily.

IN the interior department Secretary Hitchcock has been kept pretty busy on the land question, and the results on



MEN WHO WILL PROMOTE THE AMENITIES OF LIFE IN THE CANAL ZONE

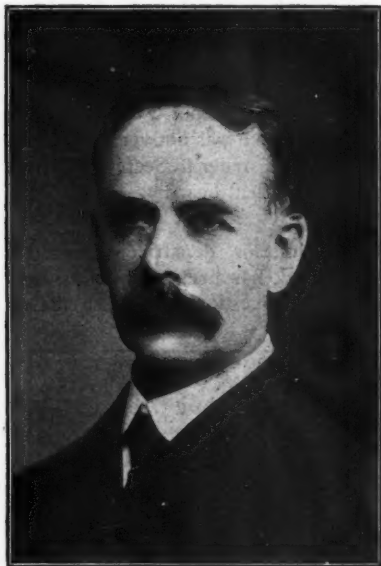
THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS CHAIRMAN SHONTS AND CHIEF ENGINEER STEVENS WITH THEIR AIDES DRAWN FROM THE NATIONAL CIVIC FEDERATION, AS FOLLOWS: EDWARD A. MOFFETT, EDITOR OF THE BRICKLAYER AND MASON, AT LEFT; NEXT IN ORDER, W. LEON PEPPERMAN, ASSISTANT CHIEF EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THE COMMISSION; W. E. C. NAZRO, WELFARE MANAGER; MR. SHONTS; PAUL CHARLTON, LAW OFFICER, INSULAR BUREAU, WAR DEPARTMENT; MR. STEVENS

judges in this country. Some are elected for life or "during good behavior," and some are elected for a term of one year only. Two newly elected judges happened to meet, one of each kind. The man who had been elected for a year remarked to the judge for life:

"I am likely to have a longer term of service than you."

"How is that?" asked the other

the Pacific coast show that he has relentlessly pursued his purpose of cleaning up the records. It was over in the old postoffice building that I found Land Commissioner Richards, the busiest man in the country. Mr. Richards was formerly governor of Wyoming, and has a notable record as commissioner in the land office. He grimly stated that he had secured land of all kinds from the



JOHN L. HAMILTON OF HOOPESTON, ILLINOIS,  
PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN BANKERS'  
ASSOCIATION  
Photograph by Gilson, Sykes & Fowler, Chicago

United States government, and was pretty well posted on the procedure. It is doubtful if there ever was a commissioner in the office who was so familiar with the various methods of securing government lands. Governor Richards has a ranch in Wyoming which has been his home for twenty years past, and he is looking forward to retiring there when his task in Washington is completed. He has been vigorously at work consolidating and abolishing land offices throughout the country, and has effected a large saving. Paradoxical as it may seem, the one desire that seems to prevail in all departments is retrenchment. This sounds peculiar in the heyday of prosperity, but the modernizing

of all departments to conform with business methods pure and simple—the prevailing purpose of the chief executive at the present time—has apparently made itself felt all along the line.

ONE of the most notable gatherings in Washington during the month was the meeting of the American Bankers' Association. This organization is one of the most important in the country. It is not merely a coterie of New York financiers but an association which comprises the bankers of America, gathered from every city, town, village and hamlet.

The distinguishing event of this session was the speech of Secretary Shaw, who said:

"We point with pride to our export trade of a billion and a half, and with thumbs in the armholes of our waistcoats we contemplate our skill and foresight and our ability as international merchants. Will I be pardoned if I suggest that this export trade is due in no very large degree to our skill either as international bankers or as international merchants?"

The speaker went on to emphasize the fact that we grow the products that the world needs and the people come themselves and fetch the goods which we have and they have not—until they purchase them from us. He dwelt upon the inferiority of American trading ships, and declared that if we are to get the full benefit of our trade, of our natural advantages, and of the Panama Canal, this condition must be changed. Mr. Shaw quoted largely from the report of a representative of the department of commerce and labor who went to South America for the purpose of making in-

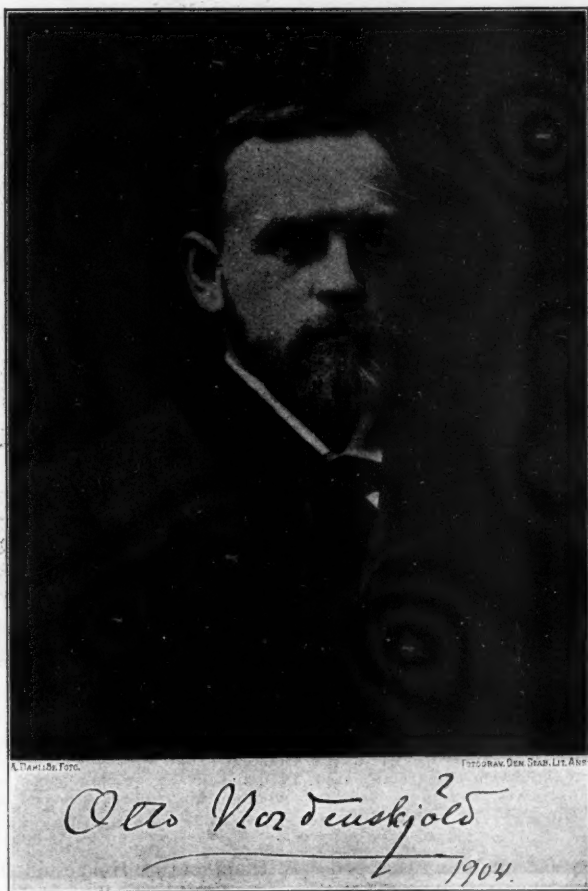
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#### Photograph of President Roosevelt and the Peace Envoys

Through a regrettable error the photograph of President Roosevelt with the Russian and Japanese peace envoys, which appeared in the October number of the National Magazine, was not credited to the photographers who made it. This historical photograph was made by Underwood & Underwood of New York and copyrighted 1905 by that well known firm.

vestigations on the matter of American trade and means of transportation. He also pointed out that so far as our inter-

longer independent. Our foreign commerce is four times as large as forty years ago, but we carry in our own ships



DR. OTTO NORDENSKJÖLD, THE CELEBRATED SWEDISH EXPLORER OF THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT

WHO IS COMING TO AMERICA NEXT MONTH TO DELIVER SEVERAL LECTURES ON HIS WORK, IS PROFESSOR OF GEOGRAPHY AND GEOLOGY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF GOTHENBURG, SWEDEN. HE ENTERED THE ANTARCTIC REGION LATE IN 1901, AND EMERGED, ASSISTED BY A RELIEF EXPEDITION SENT OUT BY THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC, IN JANUARY, 1904. HIS BOOK, "ANTARCTICA," WAS PUBLISHED SIMULTANEOUSLY IN ENGLISH, SWEDISH, GERMAN, FRENCH AND SPANISH

nal trade is concerned the service is excellent, but added:

"At our coast line we are brought to an abrupt halt. Here we are no

only one-third as many gross tons as forty years ago. If we will but take advantage of our opportunities we will send these products of farm and factory



THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT AT BULLOCH HALL, HIS MOTHER'S GIRLHOOD HOME AT ROSWELL, GEORGIA

THE GROUP INCLUDES SENATOR AND MRS. CLAY, THE FAMILY OF MR. J. B. WING AND FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS OF THE BULLOCH FAMILY, ALSO "MAMMY" GRACE, THE OLD NEGRO WOMAN WHO WAS NURSE TO THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER, AND "DADDY" WILLIAM, ALSO AN OLD SERVANT OF THE BULLOCH FAMILY, WHO HELPED TO DECORATE THE HOME FOR THE WEDDING OF THE PRESIDENT'S MOTHER

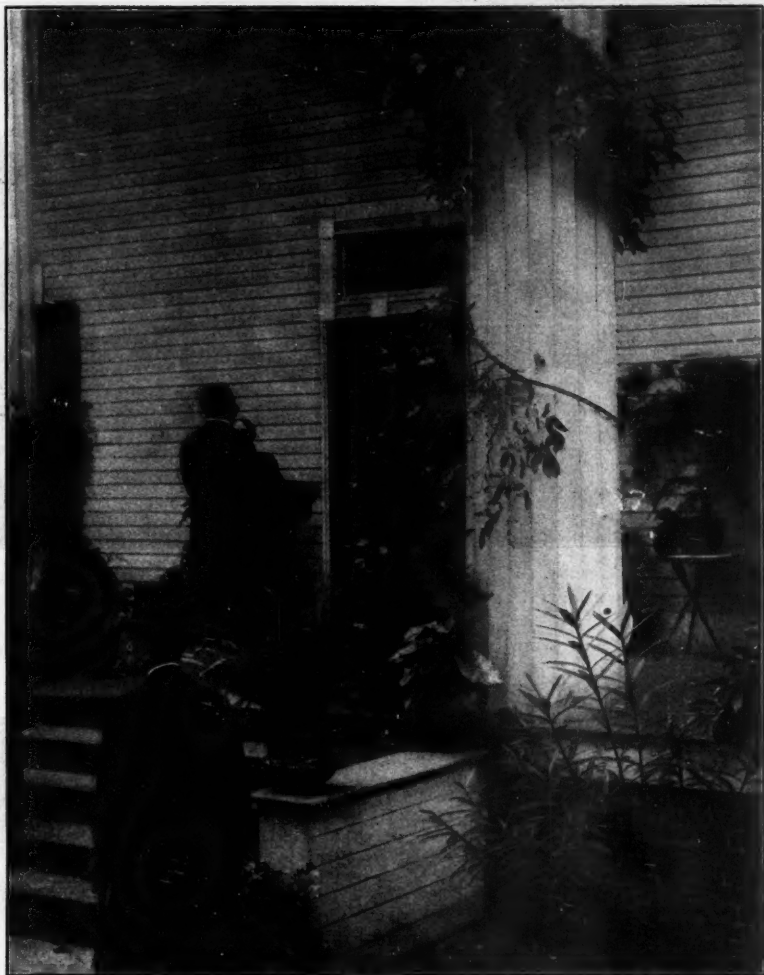
From a stereograph copyright 1905 by Underwood & Underwood

under every sky and into every port, and make our financial centers the clearing houses of at least a fraction of the world's trade."

Another interesting feature at this meeting was the address of Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, who comprehensively and concisely stated the situation and gave timely warning against the tendency to force prices beyond their legitimate value. The American Bankers' Association was particularly fortunate in its selection of a president this year, Mr. John

L. Hamilton, of Hoopston, Illinois, a man who has well earned the great compliment thus bestowed upon him.

THE White House receptions this Winter will see the grandsons of General Robert E. Lee and of General Ulysses S. Grant serving as military aides to the president. What a vivid page of history is recalled by the names of these two young men. Few visitors to the White House, seeing these young officers, will



**PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT THE HOME OF DR. BAKER, ROSWELL, GEORGIA**

THE PRESIDENT IS HERE SEEN BIDDING GOODBYE TO MRS. BAKER, WHO WAS ONE OF HIS MOTHER'S BRIDESMAIDS. "MRS. BAKER HAD BEEN INVITED TO THE RECEPTION AT THE OLD BULLOCH HOME, BUT SAID THE PRESIDENT MUST COME TO HER. THE PRESIDENT MISSED MRS. BAKER AT THE BULLOCH HOME AND ASKED FOR HER. SECRETARY LOEB TOLD OF HER REFUSAL TO ATTEND A PUBLIC RECEPTION, AND THE PRESIDENT SAID HE MUST SEE HIS MOTHER'S BRIDESMAID. SO HE DECIDED TO CUT OUT ESTABLISHED PRECEDENTS THAT HE MIGHT MEET AND CHAT WITH THE GIRLHOOD FRIEND OF HIS MOTHER, AND AT HIS SUGGESTION BARRINGTON HALL WAS INCLUDED IN THE ITINERARY. WHEN PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ENTERED THE OLD HOME WITH MRS. ROOSEVELT HE FOUND MRS. BAKER SEATED, DRESSED IN BLACK, TRIMMED WITH WHITE LACE ABOUT THE COLLAR AND CUFFS. SHE WORE A LACE CAP AND WAS THE PICTURE OF CONTENTMENT.

"AND THIS IS THEODORE," SHE SAID, EXTENDING HER HAND. "I AM SO GLAD TO SEE YOU, THEODORE." THEN, PATTING THE PRESIDENT ON THE SHOULDER, SHE TOLD HIM HOW HIS MOTHER LOOKED WHEN SHE WAS MARRIED."

— *Newspaper Dispatch.*

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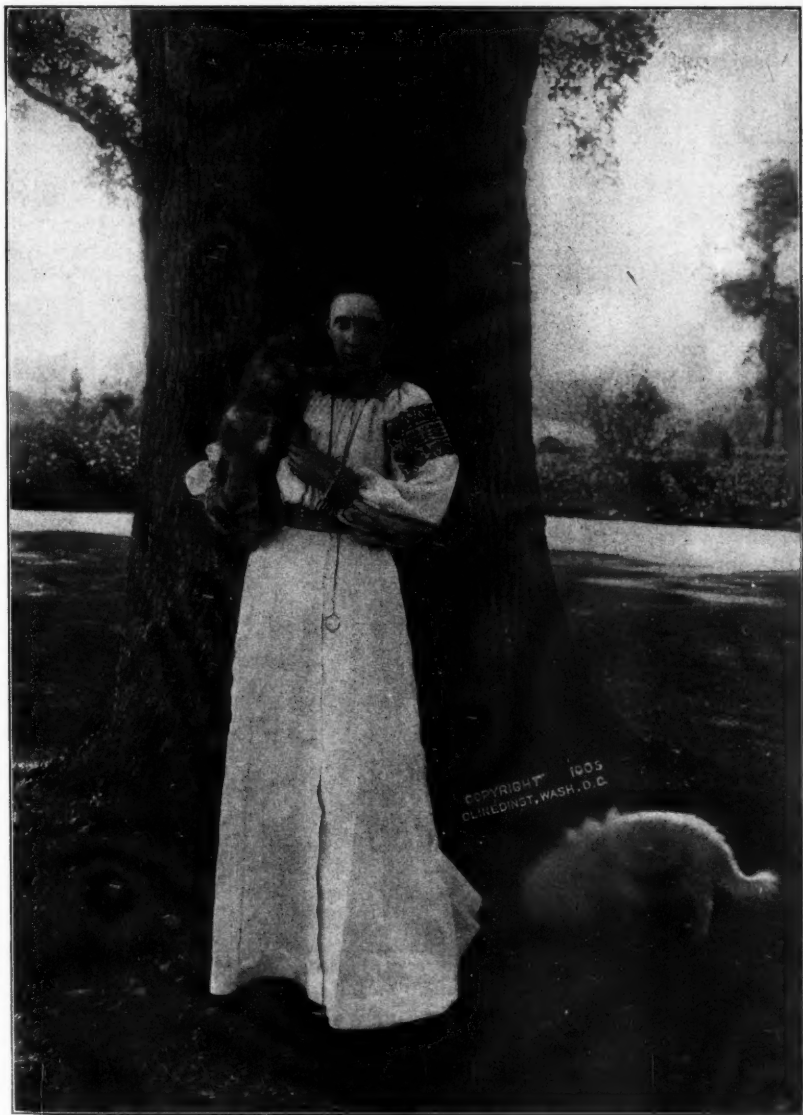
BARONESS ROSEN, WIFE OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES

Photographs by Clinedinst, Washington

fail to remember the eventful meeting      What other country can present, in less  
under the apple tree at Appomatox.      than forty years from the period of



ELIZABETH ROSEN, DAUGHTER OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR



MRS. JOHN R. MCLEAN, THE WIFE OF THE CINCINNATI AND WASHINGTON MULTI-MILLIONAIRE WHO RECENTLY BOUGHT A CONTROLLING INTEREST IN THE WASHINGTON POST. MRS. MCLEAN ENTERTAINED BARONESS ROSEN AND MISS ELIZABETH ROSEN AT HER BEAUTIFUL HOME AT THE CAPITAL  
 Photograph copyright 1905 by Clinedinst, Washington



LIEUTENANT U. S. GRANT OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY,  
APPOINTED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT A SOCIAL AIDE  
AT WHITE HOUSE FUNCTIONS THIS WINTER  
Photograph by Clinedinst, Washington

strife, the scions of two great leaders serving under one flag in the interests of one government, though their ancestors had been in bitterest opposition. There was a strong touch of sentiment in the feeling that induced President

Roosevelt to select these young officers for this duty.

A son of General "Stonewall" Jackson has been appointed to West Point by the president, and it is such appointments as these that emphasize the rela-



CAPTAIN FITZHUGH LEE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, SON  
OF GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, APPOINTED A SOCIAL AIDE  
AT THE WHITE HOUSE THIS WINTER

Photograph Copyright 1905 Clinedinst, Washington

tions now existing between the two sections which met in deadly strife five decades ago. This is the kind of thing that calls attention to the way in which America differs from other countries. Who could conceive of a descendant of Charles Stuart returning to the throne of England and selecting a grandson of Cromwell to act as military aide? Who could suppose that an heir of Louis XVI and a grandson of Napoleon could ever serve together on the staff of the French president? Captain Lee has served in the Philip-

pin. Lieutenant Grant has seen service in Porto Rico and was military attache of our legation at Vienna. He attended the school founded by Maria Theresa, where the king of Spain and many other well known young men and good soldiers were trained; was appointed to the West Point school at the request of General Sherman. So, side by side, these two grandsons of Grant and Lee will welcome the guests at the White House this Winter, and will not be the least interesting feature of presidential receptions.



MRS. EDITH WHARTON, AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF MIRTH," THE MOST DISTINGUISHED NOVEL OF THE YEAR IN AMERICA

Copyright 1905 by Charles Scribner's Sons

AT a Thanksgiving dinner at "Breezy Meadows" I first met Edna Dean Proctor. It was a merry party at Miss Kate Sanborn's that night. Under the inspiring leadership of our hostess, and after the chairs had been pushed back at that never-to-be-forgotten New England feast, each one of the party of fifteen contributed something that provided the company with a "feast of reason."

Among the guests was Hezekiah Butterworth, who recited an imaginative German story of that land to which he has since gone. Rising in her place, by request Miss Proctor repeated her "Columbia's Emblem" — a stirring, melodious bit of verse published first in the *Century* and later in the *National Magazine*. Her dark eyes flashed and

her voice was full and resonant as she recited these lines which have been repeated in the family circle, on the platform and in school rooms, from coast to coast of our country, inspiring pure Americanism and winning allegiance to the maize wherever heard.

Perhaps the first mention of the corn as a floral emblem was made by Miss Sara Clarke, sister of the late Reverend James Freeman Clarke, in an article in the *New England Magazine* of March, 1891. For years Miss Proctor has been enthusiastic in word and deed regarding this adoption of the Indian maize. Indigenous here, and only here, and growing everywhere throughout the country, the stately maize is significant of all traditional and prehistoric America as well as of our later centuries, and is the one plant by which the whole land with its past and present can be symbolized, leaving each state free to choose its own separate floral device. It seems likely to be only a question of time when, in response to public opinion, the movement for the corn will crystalize into legislative enactment on the part of the government, and the "tasseled corn" be acknowledged as our national floral emblem. Thousands of people have already memorialized congress to this end. It was through Miss Proctor's influence that the *National Magazine* introduced the corn into its crest, and to many people the "bounteous, golden corn" already means nothing less than an expression of a distinctive spirit of Americanism. When the great states of the middle West rise in their might and give this movement the impetus it ought to have, it will not be long before her ideal for the maize is realized.

It was Edna Dean Proctor who wrote the ode, "Columbia's Banner," for the national public school celebration of Columbus Day, October 21, 1892 — an ode which was read and recited in the schools on that day from the Atlantic

to the Pacific, and which is a superb exposition of the meaning of our flag. This ode and "Columbia's Emblem" are included in the new volume of her poems written since 1890, and entitled "Songs of America and Other Poems." Surely if ever there was one who could speak with something of the authority and majesty which American themes demand, it is she. Here are the closing lines of "Columbia's Banner":

Ah! what a mighty trust is ours, the  
noblest ever sung,  
To keep this banner spotless its kindred  
stars among!  
Our fleets may throng the oceans—our  
forts the headlands crown—  
Our mines their treasures lavish for mint  
and mart and town—  
Rich fields and flocks and busy looms  
bring plenty, far and wide—  
And statelier temples deck the land than  
Rome's or Athens' pride—  
And science dare the mysteries of earth  
and wave and sky—  
Till none with us in splendor and  
strength and skill can vie;  
Yet, should we reckon liberty and man-  
hood less than these,  
And slight the right of the humblest  
between our circling seas—  
Should we be false to our sacred past,  
our fathers' God forgetting,  
This banner would lose its luster, our  
sun be nigh his setting!  
But the dawn will sooner forget the east,  
the tides their ebb and flow,  
Than you forget our radiant flag and its  
matchless gifts forego!  
Nay! you will keep it high advanced  
with ever-brightening sway—  
The banner whose light betokens the  
Lord's diviner day—  
Leading the nations gloriously in free-  
dom's holy way!  
No cloud on the field of azure—no stain  
on the rosy bars—  
God bless you, youths and maidens, as  
you guard the Stripes and Stars!

Miss Proctor is pains-taking and thorough in her work—seeking to know all she can of a subject, and exact as to the value of words. Thus, with her keen sensibilities, she is able in verse or prose to give the very feeling and atmosphere of an incident or a place, and

vividly to reproduce an age that is past—as she has done in "Cleobis and Biton" and in other poems of her collection of 1890, as well as in those of "Songs of America," and in her "Russian Journey," which really takes you down the Volga. An army officer in our Southwest, more familiar with Indian warfare than with verse, said of her ballad, "The Rescue": "I consider that the greatest poem in the world. It's a perfect description of the Sierras and the Apaches." And she is equally at home among Mohammedans and Eastern scenes. Of her "El Mahdi to the Tribes of the Soudan," the late Professor Myers of Cambridge, England, said: "It is so Oriental I can hardly believe it was written by anyone in the western world."

It is fortunate that Miss Proctor's new book includes that thrilling poem, "The Song of the Ancient People," (the Pueblo Indians of the Southwest), which unveils for the reader a prehistoric past on American soil, and fills him with pride that America, our own America, possesses traditions reaching farther back, perhaps, than even the civilizations of the East. The "Song" seems to be chanted by one of their priests, and the opening lines, announcing their state, have a Homeric simplicity and dignity:

We are the Ancient People;  
Our father is the Sun;  
Our mother, the Earth, where the moun-  
tains tower  
And the rivers seaward run;  
The stars are the children of the sky,  
The Red Men, of the plain;  
And ages over us both had rolled  
Before you crossed the main;—  
For we are the Ancient People,  
Born with the wind and rain.

When I first read "The Song of the Ancient People" it seemed to me that some great American master of music, some Wagner, must arise to give this epic harmonies worthy of its lofty theme and beautiful words.

In "Songs of America" is also included that memorable poem on Sacagawea, the Indian girl who led Lewis and Clark in their exploration of the West. This poem was printed in the National Magazine for August, and has been widely quoted throughout the country. The book also contains some notable poems not before printed—among them "Nataska," a lovely, pathetic, picturesque legend of Lake Mohonk, and "The Captive's Hymn," a vivid narration of one of the most touching stories in our early history. I cannot forbear quoting here, "The Morning Star," a poem referring to the death of Whittier and to his "almost life long plaint of sleepless nights, and the gladness with which he hailed the dawn."

#### THE MORNING STAR

(John Greenleaf Whittier died at dawn, September 7, 1892.)

"How long and weary are the nights,"  
he said,  
"When thought and memory wake, and  
sleep has fled;  
When phantoms from the past the chamber fill,  
And tones, long silent, all my pulses thrill;  
While, sharp as doom, or faint in distant towers,  
Knell answering knell, the chimes repeat the hours,  
And wandering wind and waning moon have lent  
Their sighs and shadows to the heart's lament.  
Then, from my pillow looking east, I wait  
The dawn, and life and joy come back, elate,  
When, fair above the seaward hill afar,  
Flames the lone splendor of the morning star."  
O Vanished One! O loving, glowing heart!  
When the last evening darkened round thy room,  
Thou didst not with the setting moon depart;  
Nor take thy way in midnight's hush and gloom;  
Nor let the wandering wind thy comrade be,

Outsailing on the dim, unsounded sea—  
The silent sea where falls the muffled oar,  
And they who cross the strand return no more;  
But thou didst wait, celestial deeps to try,  
Till dawn's first rose had flushed the paling sky,  
And pass, serene, to life and joy afar,  
Companioned by the bright and morning star!

A native of New Hampshire, of which state she is very fond, Miss Proctor spends a part of each year in New England. She has traveled extensively, not only in Europe and the East, but in Mexico and South America, and everywhere life is to her a boon and an inspiration. Time has touched her gently. Her womanly charm is the same; her sympathies are as wide; her appreciations as glowing, her aims as true, as when she voiced the heart of the North in the Civil war or gave us those exquisite lyrics, "Heroes," "Born of the Spirit," and "Heaven, O Lord, I Cannot Lose."

At this Christmas tide the readers of the National must enjoy with me her poem,

#### THE QUEEN OF THE YEAR

When suns are low, and nights are long,  
And winds bring wild alarms,  
Through the darkness comes the queen of the year

In all her peerless charms—  
December, fair and holly-crowned,  
With the Christ-child in her arms.

The maiden months are a stately train—  
Veiled in the spotless snow,  
Or decked with the bloom of Paradise  
What time the roses blow,  
Or wreathed with the vine and the yellow wheat

When the noons of harvest glow.

But O, the joy of the rolling year,  
The queen with peerless charms,  
Is she who comes through the waning light

To keep the world from harms,—  
December, fair and holly-crowned,  
With the Christ-child in her arms.

## THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS      ✱      By Frank Putnam

**M**AYOR WEAVER of Philadelphia, wiser than the serpent, prepared for election day by hiring for his army of poll-watchers all the white, black and piebald thugs and toughs to be found in town, with many from other places. He arrayed civic patriotism against the gang with one hand, and beat them at their own favorite game of thuggery with the other. The New York Sun told the story—so it must be at least partially true. Anyway, the reform mayor's party broke the gang's strangle-hold on the public treasuries of both Philadelphia and Pennsylvania.

Mr. Hearst, in New York, made no bid for thug support: on the contrary, he defied the thugs, offering \$10,000 in rewards for conviction of violators of the election laws. Result: he undoubtedly got a plurality of honest votes, but was counted out by Tammany in certain slum districts, where his poll-watchers were slugged and driven away. In these precincts Tammany performed a miracle—showing gains, as against losses everywhere else in the city—and made Mayor McClellan's net plurality a shade over 3,000. Boss Murphy's men might just as well have made it 30,000. Perhaps they were pressed for time, or maybe they ran out of ballots—or names. Mr. Hearst promises to contest the election, have the vote recounted, and is confident at this writing, November 8, that he will become mayor of New York January 1. Even partisan republican newspapers of Gotham agree that he got more legal votes than either of his opponents. He brought fulfillment whirling at the heels of prophecy for the National, anyway. Six months ago I predicted that "within five years New York City will vote for municipal ownership of public utilities." I didn't suppose that town would get a chance to vote on the issue earlier than 1910. Well, whether Mr. Hearst wins his case in court, or doesn't, he has given New Yorkers a valuable lesson in independent voting, and has enabled them to express themselves in favor of *public ownership of public property*. He is today far and away the biggest and most interesting figure in New York politics, and bids fair to rescue that town from its fat Murphys who have grown rich selling the public property to its lean Ryans for lo, these many years.

Boss Gorman in Maryland failed in his attempt to disfranchise the negro, only, as I believe, because he didn't have sense enough to offer a moderate measure. He disgusted and made foes of many of the leaders of his own party, such as Senator Rayner, and drew out fierce blows from Secretary Bonaparte and the hardest-fighting republicans—men who have no more use for race equality than Gorman himself. Anyway, Gorman typified dirty politics—always did. His defeat is greatly to Maryland's credit.

Boss Cox, republican dictator in Ohio, goes away back and sits down. Even Ohio republicans can get too much of a bad thing, at long intervals.

Massachusetts sends Curtis Guild, Jr., tariff-revision republican, to the state house to succeed Governor Douglass, tariff-revision democrat. Boston rejects a district attorney supported by both parties and elects an independent, John B. Moran, with a big majority. Moran says Boston high finance is just as crooked as that of New York, size considered, and he promised if elected to hale some big financial lights into court. Boston has given him a chance to prove it. Mr. Moran has heretofore appeared as an ally of Tom Lawson.

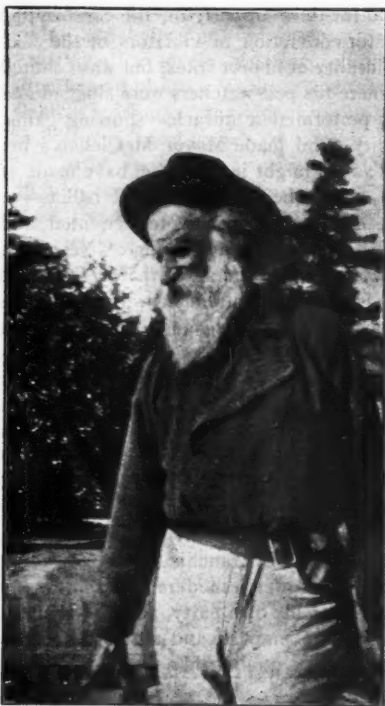
More ante-election hurraing has been done about Jerome, independent candidate for district attorney in New York, than about any other man in the field. He has held the office for four years, and is elected for four years more. I hope he will have as much success prosecuting big thieves during the next four years as he had prosecuting little ones during the four years last past. His noisy pursuit of little Reginald Vanderbilt and gambler Dick Canfield was an amusing comedy, but really if he is as big a man as the New York newspapers say he is, the McCalls, McCurdys, Ryans, Belmonts and their sort are fairer game for his gun.

# STEVENSON'S MONTEREY

By Charles Warren Stoddard

Author of "South Sea Idyls," "For the Pleasure of His Company," etc.

MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA



JULES SIMONEAU, STEVENSON'S FRIEND  
IN MONTEREY

**H**E was lean and lank and long-haired and very far from well when he came ashore at Monterey in September, 1879. He was hardly known save to those far-seeing literary men of England who had from the first prophesied for him a brilliant and extraordinary career. It was not his fault that he did not end it prematurely.

On the 8th. October, 1879, he wrote to Edmund Gosse from Monterey, California:

MY DEAR WEG: — I know I am a rogue and the son of a dog. Yet let me tell you when I came here I had a week's misery and a fortnight's illness, and since then I have been more or less busy in being content. This is a kind of excuse for my laziness. I hope you will not excuse yourself. My plans are still very uncertain, and it is not likely that anything will happen before Christmas. [He had come hither to win the hand of the lady who, in the following May, became his wife.] In the meanwhile I believe I shall live on here "between the sand hills and the sea," as I think Mr. Swinburne hath it. I was pretty nearly slain; my spirits lay down and kicked for three days. I was up at an Angora goat ranch in the Santa Lucia Mountains, nursed by an old frontiersman, a mighty hunter of bears, and I scarcely "slept, or ate, or thought for four whole days. Two nights I lay under a tree in a sort of stupor, doing nothing but fetch water for myself and horse, light a fire and make coffee, and all night awake hearing the goat bells ringing and the tree frogs singing, when each new noise was enough to set me mad. Then the bear hunters came round, pronounced me "real sick," and ordered me up to the ranch.

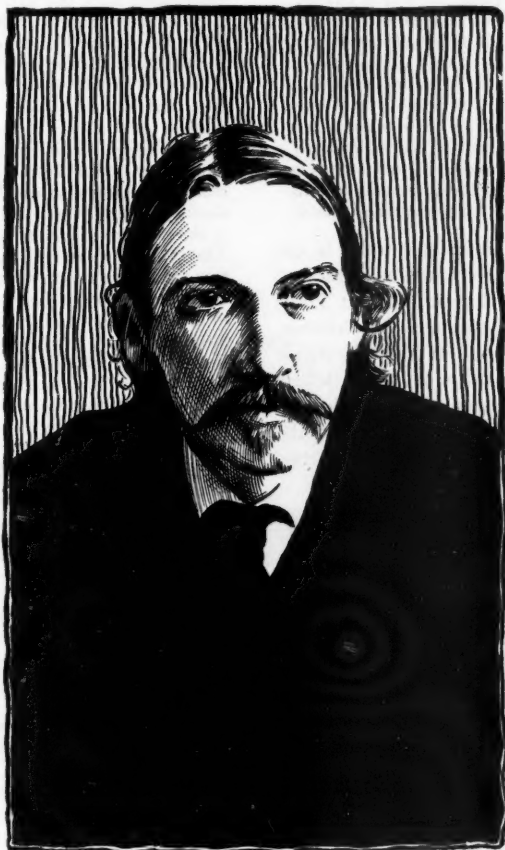
It was an odd, miserable piece of my life; and according to all rule, it should have been my death; but after awhile my spirit got up again in a divine frenzy, and has since kicked and spurred my vile body forward with great emphasis and success.

As a prelude to the Angora goat ranch episode Stevenson had sought an experience in the steerage of a trans-Atlantic steamer — see his "Amateur Emigrant" — and a second one, even more trying, on an emigrant train through the breadth of the continent — see his "Across the Plains;" these might well enough have laid low a man better fitted to rough it than he ever was in all his forty-four

years; and then he was but nine and twenty and comparatively inexperienced for one can hardly call an "Inland Voyage" tempestuous, or mountaineering in the Cevennes a hardship.

With all his ills, fleshly and spiritual,

and perhaps longed for it earnestly at times. One traces the shadow of homesickness, now and again, in his correspondence; yet he toiled with a brave heart and tried to forget himself in the literary work he was always busy with.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

he was not utterly cast down. He was near the lady of his love; he was in a new land that interested and attracted him; he had once more been cast upon the coast of Bohemia, where he was ever welcome and quite at home. It is but natural that he should have missed much that he had left behind,

In September, 1879, he wrote:

MY DEAR COLVIN: Although you have absolutely disregarded my plaintive appeals for correspondence, and written only once as against God knows how many notes and notikens of mine—here goes again. I am now all alone in Monterey, a real inhabitant with a box of my own at the P. O. I have splendid

rooms at the Doctor's, where I get coffee in the morning (the Dr. is French), and I mess with another jolly old Frenchman, the stranded fifty-eight-year old wreck of a good hearted, dissipated and once wealthy Nantais tradesman. My health goes on better; as for work, the draft of my book was laid aside at p. 68 or so; and I have now, by way of change, more than seventy pages of a novel, alas! to be called either *A Chapter in the Experience of Arizona Breckinridge*, or *A Vendetta in the West*, or a combination of the two. The scene from Chapter IV. to the end lies in Monterey and the adjacent country; of course, with my usual luck, the plot of the story is somewhat scandalous, containing an illegitimate father for piece of resistance.

There is offered for sale today in unlimited quantities a tinted picture post card, bearing the legend, Robert Louis Stevenson House, Monterey, California. The building, of plastered adobe, stands upon a grass-grown side street where there is little passing; it is in a forlorn condition, the plaster peeling from the outer walls, a sign between the two storeys reads:

#### R. STEVENSON HOUSE

Another one, glazed, hanging over a door opening upon the second-storey stairway, bears the ominous word, "Rooms." Within this transparency, at night a feeble lamp lights the lone wayfarer to his questionable rest. I once slept in that house, or rather tried to, and but once only. The other day I revisited it and thought with pity of the dismal hours R. L. S. must have spent there at a time when he was most in need of every home comfort and the refinements of domestic life. The landlady of today, whose house is of interest only through its association with his name, graciously pointed me to the wrong room as having been the one he occupied, now sacred to his memory. It is let like the others to any transient guest for a trifle. His room is on the opposite side of the hall, in the rear of the house.

Of Simoneau's, Stevenson has written:

Of all my private collection of remembered inns and restaurants, one particular house of entertainment stands forth alone. I am grateful, indeed, to many a swinging sign-board, to many a rusty wine bush; but not with the same kind of gratitude. Some were beautifully situated, some had an admirable table, some were the gathering places of excellent companions; but take them for all in all, not one can be compared with Simoneau's at Monterey.

To the front it was part barber-shop, part bar; to the back, there was a kitchen and a *salle a manger*. The intending diner found himself in a little, chill, bare adobe room, furnished with chairs and tables, adorned with some oil sketches roughly brushed upon the wall in the manner of Barbazon and Cernay. The table, at whatever hour you entered, was already laid with a not spotless napkin, and, by way of epergne, with a dish of green peppers and tomatoes, pleasing alike to eye and palate. If you stayed there to meditate before a meal, you would hear Simoneau all about the kitchen, and rattling among the dishes.

You shall see to what extent he was indebted to the kind offices of Simoneau and how well he remembered the friend of other days.

The letters began to arrive and he turned from his toil to acknowledge the pleasure he had in them:

MY DEAR COLVIN,—I received your letter with delight; it was the first word that reached me from the old country. I am in good health now; I have been pretty seedy, for I was exhausted by the journey and anxiety below even my point of keeping up; I am still a little weak, but that is all; I begin to engrase (*engraisser*, grow fat) it seems, already. My book is about half drafted: *The Amateur Emigrant* that is. Can you find a better name? I believe it will be more popular than any of my others; the canvas is so much more popular and larger too. Fancy, it is my fourth—that voluminous writer.

To Edmund Gösse he wrote:

My new book, *The Amateur Emigrant*, is about half drafted. I do not know if it will be good, but I think it ought to sell in spite of the devil and the publish-

ers; for it tells an odd enough experience, and one, I think, never told before. \*

Of "The Amateur Emigrant," he says to Colvin:

It is not a monument of eloquence; indeed, I have sought to be prosaic in view of the nature of the subject; but I almost think it is interesting. \* \* \* Here and there, I fancy, you will laugh as you read it, but it seems to me rather a *clever* book than anything else: the

that is the habit of all children born in the steerage.

He appealed to Edmund Gosse: "Look for my 'Burns' in the Cornhill, and my 'Story of a Lie,' in Paul's withered babe, the New Quarterly. You may have seen the latter before this reaches you: tell me if it has any interest, like a good boy, and remember that it was written at sea in great anxiety of mind." To Colvin he once wrote, in a plaintive



THE HOUSE WHERE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON LIVED—1879—IN MONTEREY

book of a man, that is, who has paid a great deal of attention to contemporary life, and not through the newspapers.

It was while Stevenson was crossing the Atlantic in the steamship *Devonia* that he wrote "The Story of a Lie." To Colvin he said: "I was vexed to hear about the last chapter of 'The Lie' and pleased to hear about the rest; it would have been odd if it had no birth mark, born when and how it was. It should by rights have been called the *Devonia*, for

key, "I have never seen my 'Burns,' the darling of my heart."

The truth is he began to feel very far away from the literary center of the earth, which is, perhaps, London. He could not forget the past; he did not wish to be forgotten. He appealed to Gosse:

What is your news? Send me your works, like an angel, *au fur et a mesure* of their apparition, for I am naturally short of literature, and I do not wish to rust.

I fear this can hardly be called a letter. To say truth, I feel already a difficulty of approach; I do not know if I am the same man I was in Europe, perhaps I can hardly claim acquaintance with you. My head went round and looks another way now; for when I found myself over here in a new land, and all the past uprooted in the one tug, and I feeling neither glad nor sorry, I got my last lesson about mankind; I mean my latest lesson, for of course I do not know what surprises there are yet in store for me. But that I could have so felt astonished me beyond description. There is a wonderful callousness in human nature which enables us to live. I had no feeling one way or another, from New York to California, until, at Dutch Flat, a mining camp in the Sierra, I heard a cock crowing with a home voice; and then I fell to hope and regret both in the same moment. \* \* I live here comfortably enough; but I shall soon be left all alone, perhaps till Christmas. Then you may hope for correspondence — and may not I?

Stevenson arrived at Monterey in September, 1879, and left three months later. I think it may be said that during all that time he was unfit for literary work and yet he was never idle.

In writing to Philip Gilbert Hamerton, one of the first to hail him as a genius, Stevenson said:

I hope, my dear sir, you will not think badly of me for my long silence. My head has scarce been on my shoulders. I had scarce recovered from a long fit of useless ill health than I was whirled over here double quick time and by cheapest conveyance.

I have been since pretty ill, but picking up, though still somewhat of a massy ruin. If you would view my countenance aright, come view it by the pale moonlight. But that is on the mend. I believe I have now a distant claim to tan.

Perhaps because, as he writes Hamerton: "I find here (of all places in the world) your 'Essays on Art,' which I have read with signal interest," he says further on:

A letter will be more than welcome in this distant clime, where I have a box at the postoffice, generally, I regret to say,

empty. Could your recommendation introduce me to an American publisher? My next book I shall really try to get hold of here, as its interest is international, and the more I am in this country the more I understand the weight of your influence. It is pleasant to be thus most at home abroad, above all, when the prophet is still not without honor in his own land.

Again he says:

MY DEAR GOSSE: Your letter was to me such a bright spot that I answer it right away to the prejudice of other correspondents or—dants (don't know how to spell it) who have prior claims. \* \* It is the history of our kindnesses that alone makes this world tolerable. If it were not for that, for the effect of kind words, kind looks, kind letters, multiplying, spreading, making one happy through another and bringing forth benefits, some thirty, some fifty, some a thousand fold, I should be tempted to think our life a practical jest in the worst possible spirit. So your four pages have confirmed my philosophy as well as consoled my heart in these ill hours. Yes, you are right; Monterey is a pleasant place; but I see I can write no more tonight. I am tired and sad, and being already in bed, have no more to do but turn out the light. — R. L. S.

I try it again by daylight. Once more in bed, however; for today it is *mucho fiore*, as we Spaniards say; and I had no other means of keeping warm for my work. I have done a good spell, nine and one-half foolscap pages; at least eight of Cornhill; ah, if I thought I could get eight guineas for it! My trouble is that I am all too ambitious just now. \* \* I've a short story of fifty pp., which shall be finished tomorrow, or I'll know the reason why. This may bring in a lot of money: but I dread to think it is all on three chances. If the three were to fail, I am in a bog. \* \* I see I am in a grasping, dismal humor, and should, as we Americans put it, quit writing. In truth, I am so haunted by anxieties that one or other is sure to come up in all I write.

I will send you herewith a Monterey paper where the words of R. L. S. appear; not only that but all my life on studying the advertisements will become clear. I lodge with Dr. Heintz; take my meals with Simoneau; have been only two days ago shaved by the tonsor-

ial artist Michaels; drink daily at the Bohemian saloon; get my daily paper from Hadsell's; was stood a drink today by Albano Rodriguez; in short, there is scarce a person advertised in that paper but I know him, and I may add scarce a person in Monterey but is there advertised. The paper is the marrow of the place. Its bones—pooh, I am tired of writing so sillily.

He grew to like the place and the lazy life of its inhabitants in spite of his ill health and his ill-paid labor.

He said:

Monterey is a place where there is no Summer or Winter, and pines and sand and distant hills with real water from the Pacific. You will perceive that no expense has been spared. \* \* The population of Monterey is about that of a dissenting chapel on a wet Sunday in a strong church neighborhood. They are mostly Mexicans and Indians mixed. \* \* This is a lovely place which I am growing to love. The Pacific licks all other oceans out of hand; there is no place but the Pacific coast to hear eternal roaring surf. When I get to the top of the woods behind Monterey, I can hear the seas breaking all round over ten or twelve miles of coast from near Carmel on the left, out to Point Pinas in front, and away to the right along the sands of Monterey to Castroville and the mouth of the Salinas.

Again he wrote:

At times I get terribly frightened about my work, which seems to advance too slowly. I hope soon to have a greater burden to support (a wife) and must make money a great deal quicker than I used. I may get nothing for the *Vendetta*; [it was never published] I may only get some forty quid [sovereigns] for the *Emigrant*; I cannot hope to have them both done much before the end of November. \* \* \* God bless Stephen! Does he not know that I am a man, and cannot live by bread alone, but must have guineas into the bargain? *Burns* I believe in my own mind is one of my high-water marks; Micklejohn flames me a letter about it, which is so complimentary that I must keep it or get it published in the Monterey Californian. Some of these days I shall send an exemplaire of that paper: it is huge.

To Colvin he wrote:

I am a reporter for the Monterey Californian at a salary of two dollars a week!  
*Comment trouvez-vous ça?*

Stevenson was at this time busy with a sketch, a favorite with many of his readers, entitled "The Pavilion on the Links." He sent it to W. E. Henley with the following:

Herewith *The Pavilion on the Links*, grand carpentry story in nine chapters, and I should hesitate to say how many tableaux. Where is it to go? God knows. It is the dibbs (the money, the rocks) that are wanted. It is not bad, though I say it; carpentry, of course, but not bad at that; and who else can carpenter in England, now that Wilkie Collins is played out? It might be broken for magazine purposes at the end of Chapter IV. I send it to you, as I dare say Payn may help, if all else fails. Dibbs and speed are my mottoes.

Do acknowledge *The Pavilion* by return. I shall be so nervous till I hear, as of course I have no copy except of one or two places where the vein would not run. God prosper it, poor *Pavilion*! May it bring me money for myself and my sick one, who may read it, I do not know how soon.

It was his custom to wander about and make the most of his environment and there was not a moment of his time but he turned to profit, though his drafts upon nature were not always payable at sight. He tells Henley:

Yesterday I set fire to the forest, for which, had I been caught, I should have been hung out of hand to the nearest tree, Judge Lynch being an active person hereaway. You should have seen my retreat (which was entirely for strategical purposes). I ran like hell. It was a fine sight. At night I went out again to see it; it was a good fire, though I say it that should not.

Just here it is interesting to note how he utilized this episode a year later in his sketch entitled "The Old Pacific Capital," included in the volume called, "Across the Plains." He says:

I have an interest of my own in these forest fires, for I came so near to lynch-

ing on one occasion, that a braver man might have retained a thrill from the like experience. I wished to be certain whether it was the moss, that quaint funeral ornament of California forests, which blazed up so rapidly when the flame first touched the tree. I suppose I must have been under the influence of Satan, for instead of plucking off a piece for my experiment, what should I do but walk up to a great pine tree in a portion of the wood which had escaped so much as scorching, strike a match, and apply the flame gingerly to one of the tassels. The tree went off simply like a rocket; in three seconds it was a roaring pillar of fire. Close by I could hear the shouts of those who were at work combatting the original conflagration. I could see the wagon that had brought them tied to a live oak in a piece of open; I could even catch the flash of an axe as it swung up through the underwood into the sunlight. Had anyone observed the result of my experiment my neck was literally not worth a pinch of snuff; after a few minutes of passionate expostulation I should have been run up to a convenient bough.

To die for faction is a common evil;  
But to be hanged for nonsense is the devil.

I have run repeatedly but never as I ran that day. At night I went out of town, and there was my own particular fire, quite distinct from the other, and burning as I thought with even greater vigor.

This was not his only recorded adventure in Monterey. He tells Henley:

I had a near escape for my life with a revolver: I fired six charges, and the six bullets all remained in the barrel, which was choked from end to end, from muzzle to breech, with solid lead; it took a man three hours to drill them out. Another shot, and I'd have gone to kingdom come.

Stevenson certainly entered into the spirit of the place, though he was there but the quarter of a year, and he must have enjoyed himself when he entered into this school-boy prank with his pals in Monterey; however, his account of it, in a letter to Colvin, is hardly intelligible to the general reader with-

out a word of explanation. He says:

I am in a conspiracy with the American editor [of the Monterey Californian], a French restaurant man [Simoneau] and an Italian fisherman against the padre. The enclosed poster is my last literary appearance. It was put up to the number of 200 exemplaires at the witching hour; and they were almost all destroyed by eight in the morning. But I think the nickname will stick. *Dos reales; deux reaux*; two bits; twenty-five cents; about a shilling; but in practice it is worth from nine-pence to three-pence: thus two glasses of beer would cost two bits. The Italian fisherman, an old Garibaldian, is a splendid fellow.

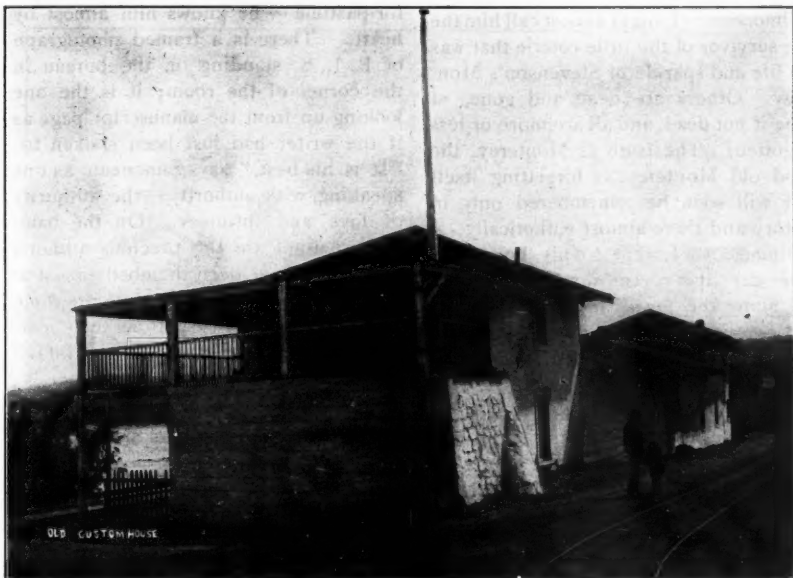
Now for the key to the foregoing.

The padre was the late Very Rev. A. Cassanova, V. F., through whose influence, chiefly, the venerable Mission of Carmelo was restored. He was a Swiss. One day a youth, claiming to be a Swiss, who was working his way down to San Louis Obispo in search of a brother who lived there, applied to the padre for aid. A parish priest has many calls upon his purse and is not infrequently imposed upon: moreover, Padre Cassanova's revenues went mostly toward the restoration of the Mission of Carmelo, then a sorry ruin. He gave the wandering Swiss boy *dos reales, deux reaux*, two bits, twenty-five cents, about a shilling, and bade him go in peace! Then rose R. L. S., the American editor, the French restaurant-man, and the old Garibaldian, and sat in judgement on that padre. An indignation meeting was held, a popular subscription raised for the merry Swiss boy, and he left Monterey about fifty dollars better off than when he entered it. It was proposed to cast a blight upon the penurious padre, and to this end he was to be billeted upon the street corners. R. L. S. volunteered to voice the sentiment of the non-sectarian citizens. A placard was struck off in a printing office in San Jose; it was a dark secret and could not safely go to press in the old capitol. Then in the dead of night, whether with mask or domino I know

not, the conspirators stole forth and tacked upon every tree and fence and wall available, the legend of the solitary quarter. The faithful on their way to early mass espied the fatal posters and the town was straightway rid of them. If the nickname stuck it was buried with his reverence and I have sought in vain for a copy of the poster, now lost to history.

Happy days were those in spite of all, as this letter to Henley surely bears sufficient testimony:

shall deposit you at Sanchez's saloon, where we take a drink; you are introduced to Bronson, the local editor ("I have no brain music," he says; "I'm a mechanic, you see," but he is a nice fellow) and to Adolpho Sanchez, who is delightful. Meanwhile I go to the P. O. for my mail; thence we walk up Alvarado St. together, you now floundering in the sand, now merrily stumping on the wooden sidewalks; I call at Hadsell's for my paper; at length behold us installed in Simoneau's little white-washed back-room, round a dirty table cloth, with Francois the baker, perhaps an Italian fisherman, perhaps Augustin



OLD CUSTOM HOUSE, ERECTED IN 1834, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA, WITH THE STAFF WHERE THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES WAS FIRST RAISED ON THE PACIFIC COAST, JULY 10, 1846

I was wishing yesterday that the world could get—no, what I mean is that you should be kept in suspense like Mahomet's coffin until the world had made half a revolution, then dropped here at the station as though you had stepped from the cars you would then comfortably enter Walter's wagon (the sun has just gone down, the moon beginning to throw shadows, you hear the surf rolling, and smell the sea and the pines). That

Dutra and Simoneau himself. Simoneau, Francois and I are the sure cards; the others are waifs. Then home to my great airy room with five windows opening on a balcony; I sleep on the floor in my camp blankets; you install yourself abed; in the morning coffee with the little doctor and his little wife; we hire a wagon and make a day of it; and by night I should let you up again into the air, to be returned to Mrs.

Henley in the forenoon following. My God, you would enjoy yourself. So should I. I have tales enough to keep you going till five in the morning, and then they would not be at an end.

To Henley, also, he said:

Choose, in your head, the best volume of Labiche there is, and post it to Jules Simoneau, Monterey, Monterey Co., California: do this at once, as he is my restaurant man, a most pleasant old boy with whom I discuss the universe and play chess daily. He has been out of France for thirty-five years, and never heard of Labiche.

Simoneau!—I might almost call him the sole survivor of the little coterie that was the life and sparkle of Stevenson's Monterey. Others are dead and gone, or gone if not dead, and all are more or less forgotten. The truth is Monterey, the good old Monterey, is forgetting itself and will soon be remembered only in history and there almost pathetically.

Simoneau! I went to his house the other day; it is on the slope of a western hill above the town, and the landscape and seascape that are spread before it are often touched with radiance in the afterglow. It might be called Fuschia Lodge, that bungalow, for it is bedded in a wilderness of flowers, and there Simoneau and his wife have rested for more than thirty years. Mme. Simoneau, a native of Lower California, almost lives in her garden. She is of the sun-browned Spanish type, and has the singular affability of the Hawaiian: as she stands among her treasures, clad in a *bolokou* and, with a quaint gesture, cries in her pretty accented English: "Oh! if only money would grow for me, as the flowers grow!" and rolls her eyes to Heaven, and then laughs with the laughter of a child at the absurdity of the idea, she reminds one of a chiefess in the brave days of old when Hawaii was a monarchy and really worth while.

Perhaps there were never two happier people with so little money as the Simoneaus of Monterey. Theirs is the simple

life some people prate about and some pretend to practice. Mme. Simoneau boasts that when her garden was in its prime it contained fifty-four varieties of fuschias; it still has more than twenty, and these so thrive in the rich soil and sea mists that they roof over arbors ten feet in height. It is refreshing to find fuschias of every shade and shape in place of the mobs of roses that almost burst with fatness and look dowdyish in their Californian exuberance.

Jules Simoneau sits in his easy chair by the window and reads Robert Louis for pastime—he knows him almost by heart. There is a framed photograph of R. L. S. standing on the bureau in the corner of the room; it is the one looking up from the manuscript page as if the writer had just been spoken to; "It is his best," says Simoneau, as one speaking with authority—the authority of love and intimacy. On the bamboo what-not are the precious author's copies that have been thumbed almost to the verge of shabbiness. Here are some of the autograph inscriptions they bear, the author's name being written in full in every case:

*Memories and Portraits*

"To my kind friend Jules Simoneau."

—

*Fleeming Jenkin*

"To his good friend Jules Simoneau."

—

*The Merry Men*

"For old lang syne."

—

*Child's Garden of Verse*

"To my good old Simoneau."

—

*Familiar Studies of Men and Books*

"Vive Jules Simoneau et la temps jadis!"

—

*Virginibus Puerisque*

"Que nous avons passe de bonnes soirees mon brave Simoneau, sois tranquille je ne les oublierai pas."

—

*New Arabian Nights*

"Ce qu'il en a — de mes ouvrages! Je ne trouve rien a griffonner."

*N'oubliez pas. Robert Louis Stevenson.  
Il n'oublia pas. Jules Simoneau.*

—  
*Underwoods*

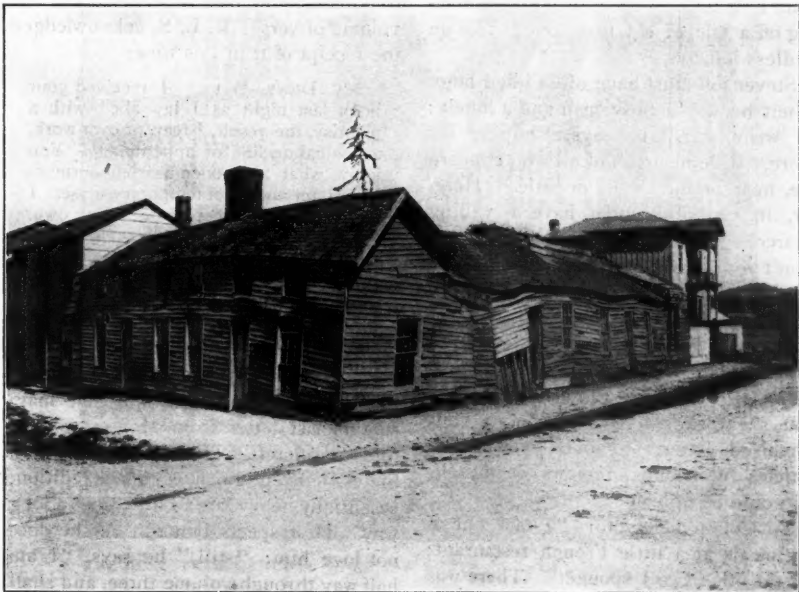
"If there ever was a man who was a good man to me, it was Jules Simoneau."

—  
*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*

"But the case of Robert Louis Stevenson and Jules Simoneau—if the one forgot the other—would be stranger still."

Letters passed between them, also, but these testimonials of affection have been guarded from the public eye, and though editors, publishers and autograph collec-

would throw open to the public the square in front of the so-called "R. Stevenson House" and let it be beautified and known as Stevenson Plaza; it could easily be made a beautiful resort for pleasure seekers and a suitable location for a kiosk where the band concerts that now go begging might be heard to advantage. There is not in all Monterey a spot for the indulgence of elegant leisure; a lounging place where the contemplative mind may fondly dwell upon the history of a town that for romantic interest has no rival on the whole Pacific



THE FIRST HOUSE BUILT OF WOOD IN CALIFORNIA, AT MONTEREY, STILL OCCUPIED

tors have sought to purchase them, at his own price, Simoneau has kept them under lock and key and vows that he will never part with them.

There is something sacred in a friendship so sincere and so lasting. It seems that now one cannot visit Monterey without associating his name with the name of Jules Simoneau. It has been Simoneau's hope that the local government

slope. The triangular square, over against the abode where Simoneau flourished in the Bohemian Era of Art and Letters, is impossible in these latter days; and grievously forces upon the mind of man the feeling that a picturesque bit of antiquity is, in its transition stage, by no means a thing of beauty.

Neither is the first house built of wood in California; nor the spectacle of the

sentimentalists begging a slip of the rose tree that General Sherman never planted and never saw — and begging it of the modest lady who never knew the general and no doubt wishes she could forget that he was ever born. A few of the old landmarks still remain; one of the most cherished is the Custom House of 1834, where Old Glory was first unfurled to the breeze in California. On its seaward veranda you will nearly always find a few specimens of the oldest inhabitant, his thin shanks warped to the curve of a mustang's ribs, his bleared eyes still fixed upon the harbor waters and the low sand hills beyond them, his tongue reeling off a tale of eld that sounds like an endless lullaby.

Stevenson must have often idled here, albeit he was a busy man and a lonely: "I write you," he says, "hoping for more. Give me news of all who concern me, near or far, or big or little. Here, sir, in California, you have a willing hearer. \* \* Do keep me posted, won't you? Your letter and Bob's made the fifth and sixth I have had from Europe in three months. \* \*"

"O! and look here, why did you not send me the Spectator that slanged me? Rogues and rascals, is that all you are worth? \* \* I await your promised letter. Papers, magazines, articles by friends, reviews of myself, all would be welcome."

To Colvin he wrote: "I take one of my meals at a little French restaurant; for the other two I sponge." There was no need of his sponging so long as Simoneau was caterer; he was ever welcome there and ever found his friend the best of friends in sickness and in health — a friend indeed.

Reverses befell Jules Simoneau and he at last was reduced to peddling tamales from door to door, out of the bucket that hung upon his arm. Now, at eighty-five, he is almost a prisoner in his home, but he is happier than any millionaire. He does not know how to complain. He

always says: "I have enough; there is nothing I want that I cannot have, and *voilà!*" — with an inimitable gesture — "I am a great-grand-father!"

Louis used to wander up to Fuschia Lodge, for a change and a chat. Jules is an up-to-date philosopher and can hold his own with any reasonable being. He used to stroll down to the R. Stevenson house and carry the lonely soul away with him for a breath of the briny, and that thus together they might lift their eyes unto the hills, whence came their strength. He was sad enough sometimes, was Louis; he tried to write gaily to Gosse, who had forwarded his last volume of verse: R. L. S. acknowledged the receipt of it in this wise:

MY DEAR WEG, — I received your book last night as I lay abed with a pleurisy, the result, I fear, of over-work, a gradual decline of appetite, etc. You know what a wooden-hearted curmudgeon I am about contemporary verse. I like none of it, except some of my own. (I look back upon that sentence with pleasure; it comes from the heart.) Hence you will be kind enough to take this from me in a kindly spirit. \* \* I have read nearly the whole volume, and shall read it nearly all over again; you have no rivals!

He goes on with what spirit he may, in this last letter from Monterey. He finds "Bancroft's History of the United States," even in a Century edition, essentially heavy fare; a little goes a long way. He respects Bancroft but he does not love him; "still," he says, "I am half way through volume three, and shall count myself unworthy of the name of Englishman if I do not see the back of volume six—the countryman of Livingston, Burton, Speke, Drake, Cook, etc."

From this on to the end of the letter he affects no pleasantry; the despairing tone adds pathos to all that has preceded it. He writes:

I have sweated not only out of my pleuritic fever, but out of all my eating cares, and the better part of my brains (strange coincidence!) by aconite. I



THE ROSE TREE GENERAL SHERMAN NEVER SAW, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

have that peculiar and delicious sense of being born again in an expurgated edition which belongs to convalescence. It will not be for long; I hear the breakers roar; I shall be steering head first for another rapid before many days; *nitor aquis*, said a certain Eton boy, translating for his sins a part of the *Inland Voyage* into Latin elegaics; and from the hour I saw it, or rather a friend of mine, the admirable Jenkin, saw and recognized its absurd appropriateness, I took it for my device in life. I am going for thirty now; and unless I

can snatch a little rest before long, I have, I may tell you in confidence, no hope of seeing thirty-one. My health began to break last Winter, and has given me but fitful times since then. This pleurisy, though but a slight affair in itself, was a huge disappointment to me, and marked an epoch. To start a pleurisy about nothing, while leading a dull, regular life in a mild climate, was not my habit in past days; and it is six years, all but a few months, since I was obliged to spend twenty-four hours in bed. I may be wrong, but if the writing

is to continue, I believe I must go. It is a pity in one sense, for I believe the class of work I *might* yet give out is better and more real and solid than people fancy. But death is no bad friend; a few aches and gasps and we are done; like the truant child, I am beginning to grow weary and tired in this big, jostling city, and could run to my nurse, even though she whipped me before putting me to bed.

And so he left old Monterey to its fate, which is as yet an undecided one. He sought a wife and happily found her and together they went in search of new life in new lands beyond the seas. There were years of happiness in store for him and he wrote the books he longed to write. His memory of Monterey, "The Old Pacific Capital," is but a few pages in length and was written within the year of his departure from it. Therein he says of Pacific Grove: "The place was 'The Pacific Camp Grounds, the Christian Seaside Resort.' Thither, in the warm season, crowds came to enjoy a life of teetotalism, religion and flirtation which I am willing to think blameless and agreeable." He would not know it now, nor much of the town with which his name is so pleasantly associated.

Many a time, no doubt, did Stevenson return in spirit to the haunts he knew among the adobes on the shore of the Pacific, though they were never again revisited in the flesh. The sister of his wife had made her home there; her son, his namesake, was born and reared there. To her he addressed the following lines in *Underwoods*:

TO N. V. DE G. S.

The unfathomable sea, and time, and  
tears,  
The deeds of heroes and the crimes of  
kings  
Disport us; and the river of events  
Has, for an age of years, to East and  
West  
More widely borne our cradles. Thou  
to me  
Art foreign, as when seamen at the dawn  
Descry a land far off and know not  
which.

So I approach uncertain; so I cruise  
Round thy mysterious islet, and behold  
Surf and great mountains and loud river-  
bars,  
And from the shore hear inland voices  
call.  
Strange is the seaman's heart; he hopes,  
he fears;  
Draws closer and sweeps wider from  
that coast;  
Last, his rent sail refits, and to the deep  
His shattered prow uncomfited puts  
back.  
Yet as he goes he ponders at the helm  
Of that bright island; where he feared  
to touch,  
His spirit re-adventures; and for years,  
Where by his wife he slumbers safe at  
home,  
Thoughts of that land revisit him; he  
sees  
The eternal mountains beckon, and  
he awakes  
Yearning for that far home that might  
have been.

To this lady he dedicated his "Prince Otto," and to her son the following poem, in "A Child's Garden of Verses:"

TO MY NAME-CHILD

Now that you have spelt your lesson, lay  
it down and go and play,  
Seeking shells and seaweed on the sands  
of Monterey,  
Watching all the mighty whalebones,  
lying buried by the breeze,  
Tiny sand-pipers, and the huge Pacific  
seas.  
And remember in your playing, as the  
sea-fog rolls to you,  
Long ere you could read it, how I told  
you what to do;  
And that while you thought of no one,  
nearly half the world away  
Some one thought of Louis on the  
beach of Monterey.

Monterey! Time and change have laid  
their hand heavily upon it; its poetry  
and its traditions are passing away for-  
ever. A boom is on; the land sharks  
possess the place. Surveyors drag their  
slow links along with the blind persist-  
ency of army worms. But the gray sea  
and sands and sky are still there, and  
there, thank heaven, to stay: so, also,  
is the exquisite thrill in the salt air, and  
the balsam on the breath of the breeze

sifting over the piney hill tops. The Summer weather is wondrous, the Winter only more so; but in Summer it is silvery gray most of the time; so cool that a fire flickers on the hearth and yet the windows are always open; sometimes the sea mist falls like the first faint snow-flakes, melting deliciously upon the cheek; when the sun shines for a few hours all nature is so resplendent that one hides one's dazzled eyes, after a while, and longs for the fall of the mist.

In the old days there was the same sea fog over head that makes one feel as if he were living under ground glass; the sea-gulls used to roost in the back-yards then, and in repose they looked for all the world like stuffed birds, their outlines are so simple. The harbor was at times like a very swamp for the broad fields of seaweed that infested it.

Now it is boat-ridden, the deep harbor, and has an air of thrift. Indeed there is little left of Stevenson's Monterey and that little is sure to grow less and less from day to day. There is a military post just over the hill to the west, within easy walking distance, and squads of soldier boys patrol the streets in blue coats or khaki all day long and a good

part of the night as well. They fire their sunset gun promptly up at the Presidio; there is a bugle cry before it; everything is done decently and in order and one would imagine, when it is all over, that the whole matter was settled at once and forever. The sky is gray overhead; it is nearly always some shade of gray, more or less; it is deepest gray where it slopes down upon the wooded hills that are themselves paling and turning ashen gray in the twilight. And—what? Over yonder through a cleft in the hills and beyond the gathering grayness, lo! a glimpse at a vale of light; and over and beyond that, backing up against the bluest of blue skies, a mountain glowing like a coal of fire, a towering pyramid of living flame! It is as if the curtain of heaven in descending upon the transformation scene had been caught and held there for a space. Ah me! This is almost too much of a surprise: I suppose the echo of the regulation sunset gun has not yet floated into that delectable valley: or, is it the after-glow that revisits us nightly in that self-same cosy-corner of the world, just as it used to in the olden days when Monterey was in the heyday of its youth and all alone in its glory!

## I HEAR IT WAS CHARGED AGAINST ME

I HEAR it was charged against me that I sought to destroy institutions;

But really I am neither for nor against institutions;

(What indeed have I in common with them? — Or what with the destruction of them?)

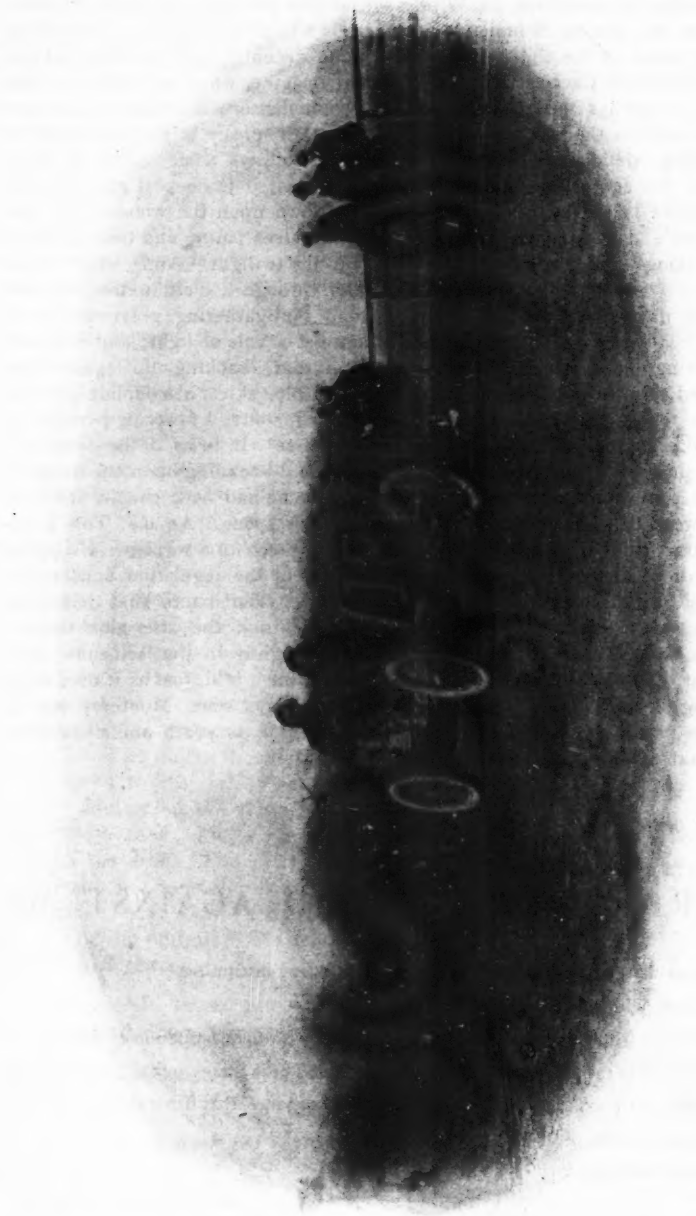
Only I will establish in the Manahatta, and in every city of These States, inland and seaboard,

And in the fields and woods, and above every keel, little or large, that dents the water,

Without edifices, or rules, or trustees, or any argument,

The institution of the dear love of comrades.

— Walt Whitman (1860).



**M. HEMERY WINNING THE 283-MILE VANDERBILT CUP RACE IN A FRENCH AUTOMOBILE**

This race, over a Long Island course, is the blue ribbon event of automobile racing in America.—Heath, an American driver, finished second.

# MAN IN PERSPECTIVE.

## IV.—CAPITAL AND ITS RIGHTS

By Michael A. Lane

Author of "The Level of Social Motion," "New Dawns of Knowledge," etc.  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"The constitution, the set of laws or prescribed habits of acting, that men will live under, is the one which images their convictions, their faith as to this wondrous universe, and what rights, duties, capabilities they have there; which stands sanctioned, therefore, by necessity itself, if not by a seen deity, then by an unseen one. Other laws, whereof there are always enough ready made, are usurpations, which men do not obey but rebel against, and abolish at their earliest convenience."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."—*American Declaration of Independence.*

IN the above two declarations, the first of which is scientific, or philosophical, the second practical, there is laid down the principle of majority rule, or the ancient principle that might is right. For, after all, right and wrong is only a question of definition, and the only moral definitions continually enforced are those that are made by the strongest power. In the present discussion of capital and its rights an effort will be made to keep in mind the limitations of the definitions given by philosopher and by revolutionist, both of whom sought the justification of revolution and found it. The philosopher postulates "necessity" as the basis of revolution; the practical politician "safety and happiness"; and these two phrases are mere euphemisms—other ways of saying that men now and then awaken to an acute realization of the chronic fact that they are not getting their due share of the wealth produced by their common effort.

Very few working men are satisfied with the wages they receive. A "raise

of pay" is grateful to all persons, or nearly all, who are employed by others in industrial or other occupations. The preacher, the educator, the editor, the clerk, are, like the tradesman, "employed" by somebody. Few of them think they are sufficiently paid. And, like the tradesmen, they would all organize some form of labor union and strike, if, unlike the tradesmen, they were not afraid that their places could be immediately filled by what the tradesmen call "scabs." The various classes of men,—preachers, educators, clerks, editors,—find it profitable, as they believe, to "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift may follow fawning." They do not receive enough pay, they would like to have more, but they are in somebody's power; they are afraid of losing their jobs. In whose power are they? Of whom are they afraid, and what are the probable methods they will use—if they use any at all—to release themselves from this power, and, with the tradesmen, or mere "laborers," bring

about that safety and happiness mentioned by the independence declarers, and called necessity by the philosopher? Perhaps a consideration of the rights of capital will assist us in answering these questions.

The term capital is used here, of course, in its figurative meaning. Literally defined, capital is that part of wealth used in the creation and distribution of new wealth. Machinery of every kind, the material of manufacture, industrial plants, money, all things used to make or distribute wealth—this is capital, with land as its base. When we say the rights of capital we mean the rights of the men who own capital. Capital is a mere category of things. Things can have no rights. Men have rights. What are the rights of capitalists?

The rights of capitalists seem, at the very present time, to be in what might be called ferocious dispute. Capitalists urge one thing; non-capitalists urge another, and both parties are divided in themselves. Unfortunately for the disputants, the American constitution does not define the rights of capital, because when the constitution was made the rights of capital were not in dispute. Some of the "fathers" were very bitter against banks; whether from personal motives, or because the Rothschilds furnished the money that paid the Hessians, is unknown, and besides, quite indifferent.

At all events, the constitution does not mention the "trusts" for the simple reason that there were no "trusts" when the constitution was made. The constitution does not mention other things which would certainly find a place in an American constitution made today. On the other hand, the constitution mentions several things as being of great importance which are now of no importance whatsoever. It is loaded with obsolete words and with ideas that have no concrete correspondences. In

a word, it is a dead thing. It does not "image the convictions" of the people as to their rights. Nor is it sanctioned by necessity, nor by anything else. The main thing in the thoughts of the American people today is the power of the trusts. The constitution says nothing of this.

If the supreme court were called upon to pass upon the constitutionality of an anti-trust law, its deliberations would necessarily be a farce. It would, to use the hackneyed phrase, have to "interpret the meaning of the framers of the constitution" as to trusts, whereas the framers had no intentions whatsoever concerning trusts. The decision would therefore embody the intentions of the members of the supreme court and of nobody else concerning trusts.

Whatever may be the opinion of the supreme court, the real constitution—that is, the convictions of the people—seems to have it that the power of the trusts and the rights of capital in general are altogether too great. Let us take a concrete example. The man who controls or owns a railroad stretching half-way across the continent will claim—if a strike comes up—that he "proposes to run his own business in his own way." The very same claim is made by the owners of coal mines, steel mills, department stores, and of every other kind of business from a consolidated express service to a retail shop that dispenses ribbons to women.

Now the question arises, Do these men really own the thing? Are they, morally speaking, the absolute masters of these accumulations of capital? Have they the moral right to run the business in their own way? And if they have that right—if they have the right to keep coal mines closed for half a year, and to stop a railroad for months at a time, or indefinitely, where did they get it?

The owner of a railroad, a coal mine, steel mill, or of any other large industry, is really a king with an army back of

him. Theoretically he is not more powerful in his rights than the smallest store keeper. The nation's military forces will protect his property (theoretically) with as much solicitude as, and no more than, it will protect the property of a street huckster. The great capitalist is, unquestionably, a powerful man; but he is not individually more powerful than other individuals. His power is vicarious. It is social power he wields, and it is society that places that power in his hands. When, therefore, he proclaims that he "proposes to run his own business in his own way," his proposal is no less than a proposal to use, in his own way, the power that society has placed in his hands. The body of his rights is the creature of society. Society placed those rights upon him because society believed (at one time) that an exercise of those rights by the individual could minister to social comfort. The arrangement was regarded as a necessary concomitant of the general weal. Society did not have in view any particular individual. Any individual who could serve its purpose was the one it desired to protect. Therefore it made laws equally protecting (in theory) all individuals whatsoever.

But the view of his rights and powers taken by the large capitalist (and the small one) is a very different view from this. All capitalists claim a DIVINE right to "run their business in their own way" — if not claiming it literally, why then, rhetorically. The capitalist does not concede the vicarious nature of his power, nor indeed his dependence upon society for that power. He does not admit the right of society to take his power from him. He does not care whether he is doing society good or ill, and he evidently imagines that there is some strange, miraculous, superhuman, preternatural power that will enable him to run his business in his own way whatever society may have to say about it.

This state of mind on the part of large

capitalists is everywhere manifest in the United States of America. "It does not suit us" — to do this, that, or the other thing, is the ultimate reason of American capitalists quite as much as it has been of kings.

There is a fatuity in this sort of thing that is quite sad, in its way. So vastly to misapprehend the foundations upon which one rests as to confound coperstone with corner-stone savors of the madness that is proverbially the forerunner of destruction.

Suppose that society, after long patience, after long putting up with endless asseverations of divine rights and other rights, and other things that are clearly not right at all, should say to the capitalist, "We propose that you run this business in our way and not in your own way," — what then becomes of the rights of capital and the power in the hands of the one man? Suppose that society, which has given the capitalist his power, should take that power away? Having given, it can take away. What then becomes of the capitalist's miraculous, superhuman, preternatural power to run his business in his own or in anybody's way? What, indeed, becomes of his business?

The above, in a general way, is the argument that is made by the advocates of collective, or national, ownership of industry; and this argument coincides sharply with the dividing line between the theoretical socialist and the practical anarchist. The practical anarchist is the man who chafes and frets under the rule of society. He has faith in individual liberty. He detests being forced or ruled by society. So long as society does what pleases him, so long as society does not seek to restrain him in the work it pleases him to do, the practical anarchist has no complaint to make. He likes to possess a business of his own, and to run it in his own way — quite regardless of what others consider the rights that are theirs; he likes

society to do just precisely what he wishes it to do, and to restrain him in no manner whatsoever. He considers only his own liberty, his own good; he cares nothing for society. He is opposed to taxes and he gets out of paying them by devious methods. He uses the laws which society has made for its own protection, to the injury of society itself. He is individualistic, anti-socialistic, anarchistic. He is opposed to all government that would restrain him. He favors all government restraining others.

The practical anarchist, as found in the United States, is far more destructive to the prosperity and peace of this country than his fellow and sympathizer, the bomb-throwing anarchist, who assassinates presidents; for society, when the assassin appears, can grapple with and kill him. But it is not so easy to lay hands upon the business or industrial anarchist, who, by his wanton disregard of the rights of others, practices general and subtle assassination when he jolts the nation's industry out of its grooves, or manufactures poisonous or dangerous commodities in violation of law. The master anarchist, the most destructive anarchist, is he who, in violation of all legal and moral rights of others, runs his business in his own way and fancies that society has no right to restrain him. When the constitution of the United States was made the rights of capitalists to run their business in their own way were not in dispute. Today they are in dispute. And this dispute is the dispute upon which the entire future of this country depends.

Here, then, is your social fact: the conditions which made it to the best interest of all (in the opinion of society) that one individual, or a number of individuals, should be permitted to have absolute control over a railroad, or a coal mine, or a steel factory, or the coal oil supply, have (in the opinion of society) changed. It is the opinion of the majority of the people of the United

States that the moral rights of capital to these things, and to most of the undertakings of industry, have lapsed. It is not right that the owners or controllers of "trusts" should run their business in their own way. Society has said it. Society and the capitalists are in struggle, and Might, in this case as in all others, will determine Right. Which of the two parties will prove the mightier?

To the student of history this struggle is a familiar one. It is as old as society itself. Ever disappearing in one form, only to reappear under new forms and new names, it must go on until it is at an end forever. The end can be already seen emerging—the first symptoms of it in the conduct of capital itself. Whenever the time comes that an established legal right, or a tolerated right, whether legal or not, is compelled continually to assert itself and defend itself and fight for its very life; whenever the individual to whom the state has given a right is compelled continually to cry out to the state reminding the state of the existence of that right, why then, we are moved to ask, "What is the matter?" When a whole people rise up and cry out, "It is not right!" it is evident that, in their opinion, something must be wrong.

Now, what is wrong here? Why this, the very power of capital to run its business in its own way, given ages ago by society, grown into custom, and codified into law—it is THAT which is not right, it is that which is wrong. Legally right, perhaps, but morally wrong; and what is judged by a majority as morally wrong cannot long remain legally right.

But if capitalists, morally, do not own their business, who, then, are the real owners of it? who the moral owners of it?

The men who at risk of their lives cut down the living timber in the virgin forest, the other men who transport it to the mill, the others who place it, with

the labor of Egyptian slaves, upon the surveyed railroad route; the surveyor himself, the men who mine ore and coal, who transport it, who work the soil and garner crops, mine stone, make brick, and build cities; the millions of men and women in factory and shop, and the other millions who lay down product to the consumer—these are the moral owners of capital if the words “moral right” are anything but an empty sound.

“What a dust I raise!” exclaimed Æsop’s fly on the cart wheel. “How necessary I am!” cries the capitalist of a few or many millions of dollars.

The sound old principle to the effect

That they shall take who have the power,  
And they shall keep who can,

is as sound today as ever. It is a plastic, protean principle, self regulating, working, like all principles of action, by its own force. Here it puts into sounding phrase the more homely proverb that might is right. It is the issue being tried today in the United States between capital, which would run its own business in its own way, and society, which apparently has recently been taken with an acute realization of a chronic want. Take what you have the power to take; keep what you can.

Truly, there is something picturesquely royal about the great man who, with a wave of his hand, can say: “My railroad,” “my coal mines,” “my oil industry,” “my steel mills.” Royal, and at the same time ridiculous—the railroads and the steel mills are so large and the man so small—as small as Æsop’s fly in all the dust it raised.

The locomotive, operated day in, day out by the locomotive engineer, belongs to the engineer—in part. He can say with very truth “my locomotive,” nor will any man gainsay him. He, as the curator of the locomotive, may justly say

that it is his. But if the curator of the locomotive has in it an ownership right, the creators of it have ownership rights no less. The locomotive is the last accumulated effect of the labor of miners, smelters, forgers, assemblers, and transporters; of the men who placed in the hands of all of these the tools that did the work; of those more remote men who fed and clothed the labor intermediate between them and the thing itself; of all the men who built, weaved, or dug that this thing might be; of the mechanical engineer who designed it; of the men who taught, with infinite patience and self denial, the developing brain of that engineer its cunning and its skill; in a word, of the entire assemblage of men who contributed to the combined effort that dragged the minerals from the unwilling earth and embodied them in the magnificently beautiful and useful creation which, when complete, was turned over to the locomotive engineer and his care. And all this labor, what is it but the labor of society—of society, without which the individual man would be as a beast with mere claws and strong teeth to devour? If the individual man can be said to have any right to ownership in anything, it is only such right as society sees fit to give him. All other rights, in the words of the philosopher, are, whether codified or uncoded, “usurpations which men do not obey but rebel against, and abolish at their earliest convenience.”

Once you have a clear conception of social rights to social things you have the first step to their codification. And until that codification is accomplished—and accomplished clear through all the tissue of society, from the largest to the smallest quantity of capital used in that way—there will be “something wrong” with society, we may all of us rest assured.

# THE CHRISTMAS BACKLOG

By John Brown Jewett

NEWTOWN, OHIO

'T WAS more'n fifty years ago, they say,  
Old Tom Brown was livin' down this way;  
Tom was old Judge Brown's father—Judge was then  
Long ways from bein' one of our big men,  
But was as big a boy, for seventeen,  
As any that the backwoods ever seen;  
Tall as a sapling, muscled like a horse,  
He swung a broadaxe with an engine's force.  
Old Tom, his father, was a grim old blade;  
A mighty little waste o' words *he* made.  
He said but once whate'er he had to say,  
And those who knew him let him have his way.

Young Tom—the Judge, you know—was not a fool,  
And never crossed the old man's household rule;  
And so, when on a howling Winter's night  
The folks were sitting in the fireside light,  
(And doin' little else, because, you see,  
Old Tom was rather chilly company)  
And when the fire began to burn down low,  
And the old man commanded young Tom: "Go  
And bring the backlog," you may bet he went,  
And to the log his stalwart shoulders bent.  
No matter what its weight, his load he bore  
Without a grumble, to the cabin door,  
But always stopped before he laid it down  
To say: "I've brought the backlog," to old Brown,  
Who never slacked his discipline, but said:  
"Then put it on the fire, and go to bed."

So things had gone until that Christmas Eve  
When Tom was seventeen. I do believe  
That Santa Claus was still a foreigner then,  
Leastwise in these parts, for the old gray men  
Like Judge Brown never talk about the toys  
And things old Kringle brought when they were boys.  
Well, anyhow, the fire was burnin' bright,  
And all were sittin' 'round it, on *that* night,  
As quietly as usual, but Tom's mind  
Was filled with thoughts of an unpleasant kind.  
There lay a backlog now outside the door  
Such as young Tom had never braved before;  
Trunk of a giant of the forest trees,  
It might have been a load for Hercules.  
Tom had helped haul it from the woods that day,

And ever since had wondered what to say  
When the inexorable summons came  
To give the mammoth timber to the flame.  
Still more perplexed he grew; the fire burned low;  
Too soon he heard the dreaded mandate: "Go  
And bring the backlog." You may bet he went,  
But 't was to flee the whole predicament.  
He knew that protest would be worse than vain —  
Absurd as for a rock to melt in rain.  
He ne'er would dare to meet his father's face  
Till he could put that backlog in its place.  
So off he started through the snowy night,  
Began his fortune with that sudden flight;  
Tramped forty miles that night across the woods,  
Reached town, became a store clerk, peddled goods,  
Then studied law, got higher every year,  
Until he got to be "Judge" Brown, up here.  
Well, ten years passed, and as the country grew  
Judge Brown kept growing with it, upward, too,  
Till he was known among the biggest men,  
In name and body, that one heard of then.  
But in that time his memory often strayed  
Back to the old home that he had betrayed—  
Or felt he had—and sometimes he would dare  
To ask of neighbors for the old folks there;  
Wondered how they considered his high fame,  
Or if they ever spoke his truant name,  
And thought he'd like again to go and say:  
"I've brought the backlog, father," the old way,  
And hear the words the old man always said:  
"Then put it on the fire, and go to bed."

At length, with many a queer, misgivin' wrack,  
The Judge resolved that he would venture back,  
And filled a sleigh of more than common size  
With things to take the old folks by surprise—  
For 't was the day precedin' Christmas day,  
Just ten years since young Tom had run away.  
'T was evenin' when he reached the cabin home;  
He saw the firelight flickerin' in the room,  
And felt a rush of memories round his heart,  
Which bounded in his breast when, with a start,  
He saw that backlog lyin' by the door,  
Just where it lay ten Christmas Eves before,  
Some worn of weather, but no less of weight  
Than when he left it to uncertain fate.  
The Judge stole softly to the window pane—  
Forgot his fame, and was a boy again,  
When, in her same old country-spun attire  
He saw his mother sittin' by the fire,

And just across the leapin', sinkin' blaze,  
 His father, grim as in his younger days.  
 Both now grown gray, they mused there all alone,  
 As calm as if they ne'er had had a son.  
 The Judge stepped back; his strength had doubly grown  
 Since he had left that couple there alone;  
 He raised the log; the monstrous load he bore  
 Without a stumble to the cabin door  
 And threw it open wide, then paused to say:  
 "I've brought the backlog, 'father,'" the old way.  
 His mother smiled; the old man never turned  
 His eyes from where the sinking faggots burned.  
 "You've been a long time *getting* it," he said.  
 "Now put it on the fire, and go to bed."

## THE DISINHERITED

By George Du Bois

CITY OF MEXICO

### I

IN a small chamber on the sixth floor, Belle labored, solitary, courageous, near an open window shadowed by the eaves, that only permitted an uninspiring view of a series of rusty roofs.

Her nimble fingers transformed like magic the pile of wire forms lying before her into hats and bonnets for feminine wear. With marvelous dexterity, she arranged the material, cut it with mathematical precision, stitched it in place, after which she added ribbon, flowers or plumes, and the carcass became an elegant coiffure that would figure creditably next day in the show windows of a grand establishment.

The girl raised the hat in order to contemplate it carefully at a proper distance, gave it a finishing touch here and there so as to render it more chic, and, satisfied at last, arose to place it on the bed beside the others already trimmed; then, returning to her seat, she seized another form and resumed mechanically the transformation.

Thus, in solitude, Belle passed her

days, engaged in her ceaseless labor, one of those courageous bees of the great city, who in their humble hives elaborate the honey destined for the luxury of the more fortunate.

Belle, of all the girls employed by a great establishment, was the most active, most dexterous and persevering. And there was need of it. Orphan by decease of both parents, she was dependent upon her own efforts for support, and while her tastes were of the most modest and her necessities restricted to the indispensable merely, yet she must satisfy them, as well as provide for the poor old grandmother confined yonder in the asylum for incurables.

She was accustomed to visit her aged relative every Thursday and Sunday, and in order to provide for her needs, as well as to regale her with certain delicacies that the grandmother expected, poor Belle often deprived herself of the bouquet or the bonbons that she loved so much.

Despite all, by force of constant efforts, the valiant seamstress made

ends meet, never succumbing 'neath the weight of care, never allowing a complaint to escape her lips.

At times, however, the needle would fall from her fingers and the bonnet remain unfinished in her lap, while her gaze would wander dreamily away beyond the prosaic housetops to the fresh park, where the sunlight played with the leaves and the birds caroled joyously.

At such times her eyes reflected an infinite longing, a rebellious sob would issue and her tired head would fall upon her breast with a movement of infinite discouragement.

Did she envy the rich, who in their gaily illuminated homes appeared to make of life a dream of joy and pleasure? Was she jealous of the fortunate ones for whom she labored incessantly and who paraded so gaily their fine costumes at fetes of which she could only form an idea?

Yes, Belle was jealous, Belle was envious, Belle suffered.

But it was not due to deprivation of pleasures, the desire of fortune, or the appetite of an exaggerated ambition. She envied those, all those, who could taste the sweets of love, the spouses who passed, beaming proudly, on the arm of their husbands, the mothers who carressed the silky locks of their infants, of all that tenderness, those infinite pleasures that in her she felt would cause a wild joy: a destiny prohibited to her, a felicity she would never know.

Once, five years ago, a kind neighbor had approached her to propose a marriage with a young man whom Belle had never met. She lent herself to it with all the naive impulses of a heart longing for love. In that humble class arrangements are not difficult, and the neighbor promptly arranged a meeting between her two young friends.

The young man proved agreeable to Belle, but after they had parted, she heard him say outside, through the door left ajar, to the neighbor who had intro-

duced them to one another: "No, no, madame, I can never do it; she is too ugly!"

Then, once more in her own chamber, she had regarded herself in the mirror, not with coquetry, but critically, with terror. That examination sufficed. She comprehended and wept for hours.

Belle was plain, very plain, even ugly. She did not possess even that freshness of youth which often renders charming the plainest of faces. By a caprice of nature, which accentuated the irony of her name, she had been given irregular features, a yellow skin, protruding eyes of unequal size that emerged 'neath heavy brows, lending to her face an air of acrimony in complete disaccord with her gentle disposition. A flat nose, a mouth too large and irregular, hair rude and of uncertain color, a massive form without grace, shoulders too high, arms too long, hands too large, completed that unprepossessing exterior.

Who could have divined the fine spirit 'neath that mask almost gross, gentleness 'neath those harsh features; and in that inexpressive visage, wherein no charm corrected the vulgarity, who would have supposed a susceptible tenderness of the most exquisite delicacy?

She alone knew her moral worth, for she was sensitive and retiring. She knew well the sweet fruit concealed within that rugged bark. But humanity is such that strangers, even those possessed of excellent intentions, note first the bark, without estimating the quality of the fruit it bears, and they reflect, like her pretendant on that unhappy day: "She is too ugly!"

She must stifle the desire for love that devoured her heart; she must, by reason of her ugliness, bid adieu to all hope of intimate happiness; and, because careless nature had constructed her figure in one way in place of another, she must not allow to escape the waves of tenderness that she felt throbbing within her.

And here was where the resignation of

the brave girl failed her. Never a protest against that existence of labor and devotion had ever disturbed her; never a base envy for the riches of others. But to love, to be loved! No proposition had ever been made to her after her unhappy adventure, and she divined that the few families with whom she was acquainted repeated, in speaking of her secretly, the word, cruelly exact, that she had overheard her sole pretendant utter.

Time passed, and in place of bringing a salutary amelioration, as it does sometimes, only accentuated the physical imperfections of poor Belle.

One day during one of her periods of desperate discouragement, she had, like those sufferers who tire of the ineffectual treatment of regular physicians, recourse to an empiric remedy; after having made at least twenty scrawls, weighed and reweighed all the terms, she sent to a journal the following "personal:"

"Young orphan girl, laborious, self-supporting, but weary of solitude and lack of affection, would marry a man in like condition. She desires to state in all candor that she is very plain. Address: B. F. Office, 649."

Then she waited.

## II

She received several replies, some mocking, some improper. From the first lines, she comprehended and destroyed them. Only one letter remained, which she opened with palpitating heart and read:

"Miss: I have read your personal,—many times. What touches me is your candor. I reply with equal frankness. I also am very plain. Due to that, I am, what I divine you to be,—disinherited by nature.

"My position is modest, like your own. I am professor in a public institution. I have, like you, an ardent desire for company and affection. Let us meet and converse on the subject like honest people. Perhaps we may decide.

"I am at liberty only on Saturday

afternoons and Sundays. You may fix time and place for the meeting, to suit your convenience.

"I pray of you to address your letter to place indicated below, for, confiding in your loyalty, as I hope you will in mine, I give you my real name,—which is not pretty—just as I have given you my real address.

"Accept, Miss, the expression of my respect.  
ADOLPHUS PIGOUT."

Her heart palpitated, just as the hearts of others more fortunate have palpitated when they received the first love letter.

Was it not for her, poor girl, the first love letter that she had ever received? The tone of the letter pleased her. She discerned in it the same sincerity that she had manifested in preparing her "personal." The similitarity of their misfortunes formed between her correspondent and herself the first tie. She was happy that he was plain; she found joy also in his ridiculous name.

And hers? Her baptismal name was Belle, which, considering her person, was ridiculous; but, in addition to that, her surname was Fairview. What sarcasm of fate had given her those names so contradictory to the reality and which had caused her, on the part of ungenerous companions in shops where she had labored, so many cutting remarks?

She mounted the stairs to her chamber, her heart full of joy. There was in the city a man who thought of her. From her window she regarded for a long time the hideous range of roofs, where the sunlight seemed to dance with joy, then resumed her labor with a song on her lips.

## III

Adolphus Pigout was the worst built being that one could imagine. One might well say that nature had composed him of two parts entirely dissimilar. He had a small body and legs like a crane. Seated, he appeared almost a dwarf; standing, he had the stature of a giant. His arms, proportioned to the length of

his body, were ridiculously short. Added to these strange proportions, he was thin as a skeleton. His pupils, terrible boys, had nicknamed him, with startling precision, "the kangaroo." He had, like that quadruped, a long, pointed visage flanked by two enormous, protruding ears. If we add that his nose was long, that his hair was lusterless, his eyes so small that one must search for them 'neath his hirsute brows, the reader will readily comprehend that he was in truth no Adonis. His every movement evidenced those physical defects, making him appear maladroit, even grotesque. Spiritually, one might define him with two words: timidity, kindness.

Is it necessary, after this description, to say that his profession, more so than any other, caused him veritable suffering? Boys are rarely generous in dealing with the defects of others, and, united, they are cruel, at times even barbarous. The name of the professor, joined with his physical imperfections, gave the cue for the invention of innumerable naughty gibes. But he accepted all that with unflinching patience and perpetual serenity, for his martyrdom lasted only a few weeks after the annual opening of the school. His gentle conduct succeeded in every case in triumphing over the malicious little devils who joined forces to make him suffer.

He had neither relatives nor friends. The first were all dead, while those who would have been his friends, especially his colleagues, drew apart from him by reason of a false shame to be seen in the company of so ridiculous a figure.

His daily duties ended, Adolphus entered his humble abode, where he read, reflected, yea, often wept, alone. For in that narrow chest beat a heart of gold hungering for love and congenial society, of which it felt itself condemned to be forever deprived. He was so ugly!

## IV

Belle and Adolphus arranged a ren-

dezvous in a quiet park. There was no necessity for them to exchange any sign of cognition. They divined one another mutually, by reason of their respective ugliness. Each of them at first, upon seeing the other, stifled a sigh, last regret of that innate taste for the beautiful which resides in all human beings; then each reflected upon his and her defects and smiled.

At first their embarrassment was great, but once exchanging the current formalities, the conversation quickly assumed a sympathetic tone. They were two simple, loyal souls, two hearts penetrated with an identical longing for society, tenderness, that spoke and tarried not in comprehending that if mother nature had been cruel to both in giving them such envelopes, she had also been prodigal in according them beautiful souls. And with that comprehension, they remained a long time, a very long time, sincere, charmed.

Upon their arrival there the promenaders had gazed in fascinated astonishment at the assemblage of so much ugliness. When they left the spot their faces were radiant, transformed to such a degree that one would have called them beautiful by force of the marvelous change that the joy of appreciation, love and hope can operate in the dullest visage.

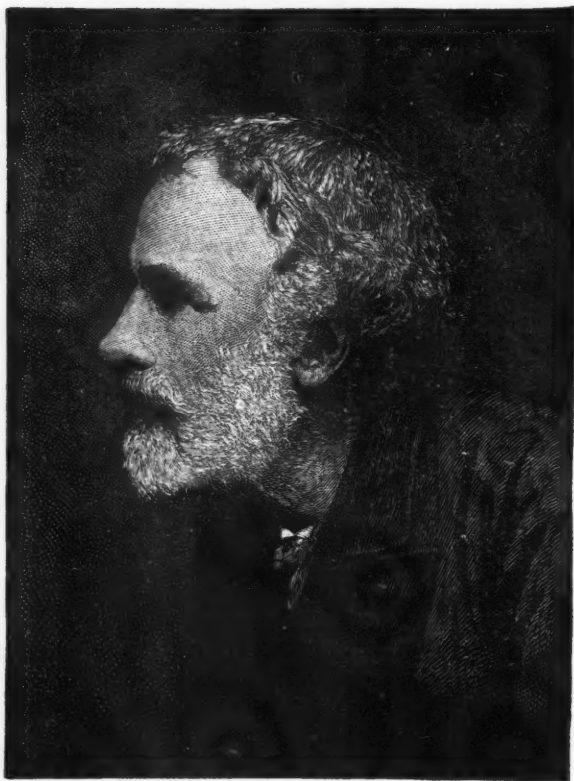
The next day those two were married. During their entire lives, in all that great city they had never before encountered sincere interest and love, and that united them with an indissoluble bond. They pass many who are more beautiful, many people who are richer, many who believe themselves happy, but none are more so in all that goes to make up the beauty, the riches, the felicity of the soul, than those two, one-time disinherited, now happy creatures.

Both have comprehended that the only veritable, durable beauty is that radiated by the soul, from which issues the only true and durable love.

# GEORGE MEREDITH---A STUDY

By Leonie Gilman

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



*George Meredith*

"I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks ;  
the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us."—*Milton: "Essay on Divorce."*

"Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist."—*Emerson.*

THE nineteenth century has been called the age of individualism. The numberless new sects that are springing up, the many "isms" of the day that are raising their rebellious standards against the existing order of

things and penetrating with their revolutionary doctrines into all parts of the social structure, are but expressions of the spirit of nonconformity. Custom no longer means sanction. If the custom is not good, let us make a better one, say the revolutionists of today. Away with dead forms, away with hypocrisy and cant. "Reality" as opposed to "nominality" is the order of the day. And shall we be surprised that the first result of the search for reality has been, in literature, realism, with all that the word has come to imply of shameless inquisitiveness, irreverent familiarity, garish vulgarity placarded across a vast dead wall of materialism? "Peruse your realists"—writes George Meredith—"really your castigators for not having yet embraced philosophy," i. e., the study of the laws of Nature in her manifold aspects. Nature is the proper study of philosophy, the living plant with the sap coursing through it, not the botanical specimen. "As she grows in the flesh when discreetly tended, Nature is unimpeachable, flower-like, yet not too decoratively a flower; you must have her with the stem, the thorns, the roots and the fat bedding of roses."

Meredith is a nonconformist, and he stands out boldly as the opponent of conventionalism. There is something Carlyle-like in the independent ring of many of his phrases. He hates sham. He is continually crusading against the false sense of delicacy that dares not look upon Nature for fear of being shocked, that would rather suffer untold corruption than soil its hands in the attempt to get rid of corruption. "Imagine the celestial refreshment of having a real decency in the place of sham," he cries. Nature, great all-embracing Nature, "mother of mighty harmonies"—how often and how loudly he proclaims his delight in her. He would fashion his books out of such stuff as Nature uses, molding it in her own right queenly manner. And indeed, in

the scope and breadth of his treatment as well as in the boldness and richness of his language there is felt not merely the original and brilliant writer, but the really broad, much-embracing mind. One is sure not to find life painted in a monotone by him, sure that he will try to catch many of the colors of this "dome of many-colored glass." He realizes the complexity of our human nature, containing as it does much of the earthly as well as the divine. A close and subtle analysis of psychological phenomena, tracking actions to their motives with unerring instinct, tracing the wayward involutions of thought with unwearied patience,—that is the method of his work. "The brain stuff of fiction is internal history," he writes. But in his case a taste for psychological analysis does not, as with so many writers, mean that the public are to have thrust upon them the spectacle of the dissection of the writer's personality—a species of exercise leading fatally around to morbidity on the part of the writer and weariness on that of the reader.

Perhaps it is Meredith's humor that saves him from that. Humor with its quick sense of the ridiculous laughs at the pompous strut of egoism. Humor, the broad, Shakespearian humor, the "laughter of the gods" as Meredith calls it, keeps things in their true proportion, gives us a perspective as it were by drawing us back out of the gigantic shadow of the little personality.

Humor, moreover, tempers satire, which too often arises from bitterness of spirit and is always personal in tone. In only one of Meredith's novels, "The Egoist," have I found that sort of relentless satire which pursues its prey to the death, tearing off its covering shred by shred and then tossing it contemptuously aside. The treatment is so cruel here that, in spite of its being no more than the hero's just deserts, we are inclined to pity him. True, egoism, the fault chastised, is one that our human

nature is most subject to, and perhaps nothing but the most drastic measures can ever eradicate it.

But usually Meredith is kindly in tone. Though he laughs at sentimentality—"pinnacle-flame of sensualism" he calls it—and again, "Sentimentalists fiddle harmonics on the string of sensualism"—he has a deep reverence for real feeling. Humor and pathos come closely together. The deep well-spring of feeling bubbles in laughter and overflows in tears. It is the power of emotion that distinguishes rich from poor natures. Even the tropical redundancy of the foliage of passion gives proof of the richness of the soil underneath. What monastic ascetic is that who would teach us to stamp out passion as a thing unholy? The love scenes of Meredith vibrate with passion. Emilia writes to her lover: "Come on a swift horse. The thought of you galloping to me goes through me like a flame that hums." O, the romantic tenderness of that boy and girl love in "Richard Feveril," of the fresh morning fruit of love with the dew still on it. "The young who avoid that region" (of Romance), says Meredith, "escape the title of fool at the cost of a celestial crown."

With his conception of Nature as living, throbbing and palpitating beneath the touch, with his diligence in the study of her and his perennial spring of humor, George Meredith has created for us in his novels a series of flesh and blood men and women rivalled by no other living writer. And it is no slight praise to say that his women are as good as his men, if not better.

For there are few among our great novelists who have given us any adequate conception whatever of women, or taken the least trouble to distinguish the particular from the type. George Eliot has indeed given us good, all-around women. Charlotte Brontë's women are quite wonderful, but—aren't they simply lyrical embodiments of her own passionate

nature? Thackeray and even more especially Dickens are woefully lacking in good women characters. Meredith has the honor of being preeminent in his treatment of women: indeed he has been called the "ultra feminine Mr. Meredith." He has a power that is really marvelous of throwing himself into women's feelings and analyzing their motives of action. He makes his women think, too. "The motive life with women must be in the head equally with men." His women one feels all along are essentially feminine, not men masquerading as women. The subtle shades of feminine character are admirably brought out. He patiently sets to work to analyze the so-called caprices and moods of women, due, according to him, to women's more delicate nervous susceptibility to outside influences, to their quicker habit of thought, rather than to mere volatility of character, as men often erroneously suppose.

It would be interesting to make a special study of his women. One might find a list of heroines that would compare with Shakespeare's. Emilia, with her passionate intensity of feeling, her childlike simplicity and "straightforwardness of soul, (*droiture d'ame*) matches Juliet, Shakespeare's "loveliest girl figure." And Clara Middleton in "The Egoist" might be compared with Rosalind. There is an exquisite reserve in the treatment of Clara Middleton—of the elusive lights and half lights of her character. The lighter touches too are good. "She had the look of the nymph that has gazed too long on the faun and has unwittingly copied his lurking lip and long, sliding eye." Of Emilia he says: "Her face was like the sunset across a rose garden, with the wings of an eagle poised outspread in flight."

Diana Warwick is perhaps the greatest of his women creations, surely a favorite with him. She is certainly a glorious type of womanhood, with her superabundant vitality, her fresh, strong

intellect, her delightful wit and humor and the general warmth of tone of her whole nature. Meredith has here attempted the difficult task of creating a witty and clever woman who really says witty and brilliant things—and he has succeeded. The dialogue is splendid. The racy Irish wit, the overflowing humor, steeped in emotion, the nervous concentration and vividness of language are sustained throughout. Among less admirable women but admirably treated may be mentioned the Countess in "Evan Harrington," a sort of second Becky Sharp, though not really wicked—simply a very clever intriguer. What a cleverly arranged thing that book ("Evan Harrington") is, by the way, from the mere point of view of technique. As a general thing, Meredith's technique is good. The stories are well arranged as to plot, there is sufficient incident to make them interesting from that point of view alone, and his management of plot and incident as a means of bringing out character is splendid. "Evan Harrington," as I have said, is particularly clever. The book is full of incidents. The plot centers in the attempts of the Countess to conceal her origin—she is a tailor's daughter who has married a Spanish nobleman—and to act the grand lady. We laugh at her languid affectation of aristocratic manners, her assumed foreign accent, her choice vocabulary culled from the longest words in "Johnson's Dictionary." We are forced to admire her talent for intrigue, the indefatigable energy with which she pushes her plans, the way in which she rises to every occasion and manages to extricate herself from the most hopeless entanglement of circumstances. There is not so much philosophizing in this book as in most of the others, and very little description. The characters are brought out chiefly by incidents and in the conversation.

In the matter of style Meredith has often been criticised, with some degree

May 15. '04

BOX HILL.  
DORKING.

Dear Miss Nora  
Although I have  
ceased to send autographs  
I am moved to comply  
with your wish, probably  
because you are so young  
—too young as yet to be  
reading 'Diana of the  
Crossways.' Bear in  
mind that Nature  
abhors precociousness,  
I have the habit of  
furnishing it: so in  
the meantime give a  
good part of your leisure  
to healthy walks &  
games.

George Meredith.

A LETTER FROM MEREDITH.

To Miss Nora Senior, a young girl who wrote asking for his autograph: "DEAR MISS NORA, — Although I have ceased to send autographs, I am moved to comply with your wish, probably because you are so young — too young as yet to be reading 'Diana of the Crossways.' Bear in mind that Nature abhors

precociousness, and has the habit of punishing it; so in the meantime give a good part of your leisure to healthy walks and games."

of justice, as being too metaphorical, too extravagant, too far removed from the ordinary usage of language. It is claimed that in the attempt to be original he has often become unintelligible. There is no doubt that in his earlier works—take for example "Richard Feveril"—he is much simpler than in his later works, of which "One of Our Conquerors" is a very good example. The question is whether he gains or loses by the departure from simplicity. Meredith defends himself by saying that fiction does not "demand a smooth surface,—" that "any mediaeval phantasy of clothing" suits it as well as classical robes. If simplicity is synonymous with the commonplace, with sameness, we should rejoice that one has come to lift us out of the dead level of monotony—even though it be on a winged steed whose swift flight into the dizzy regions of poetry inspires terror and a swooning of the senses in the clinging wretch. "The poet knows that he speaks adequately then only when he speaks somewhat wildly, or 'with the flower of the mind,'" says Emerson. So long as it is a real Pegasus, not a prodded hack. The new-coined word or metaphor must have the spontaneity of inspiration, and it must be true. Meredith's language is no doubt sometimes strained and affected. It must indeed be difficult to keep up that nervous tension of high imagination. But on the whole his language is spontaneous, is brilliant with that richness of imagination which, like a prism, breaks up the central thought into a rainbow of many colors. It adds vividness to have things so presented to us. Facts may be stated baldly. But the idea, the philosophy, the poetry of the fact, is more elusive. He circles round and round it in similes and metaphors, gradually closing in on it.

The change from the comparatively diffuse style of the earlier works to the condensed, highly metaphorical style of the later work is accompanied by a corresponding change in the thought. Emotions and incidents give place largely to ideas. "One of Our Conquerors" is a sort of running commentary in images and symbols on the story, which is very simple. The style becomes top-heavy—I mean over-weighted with thought. Too little attention is paid to lucidity. I should say that "Diana of the Crossways" combines the advantages of the early and the later work. The language is adequate to the ideas.

Since Meredith always lays such stress upon ideas, it may be well briefly to touch upon some of his own ideas in concluding this study of him. As I have said above, he is a nonconformist in all things. In politics he is with that small but steadily increasing minority who are not satisfied with the present social order and who would take radical measures for its remodeling. If not a socialist, I should say that he approaches socialism very sympathetically.

He stands out, too, with Ibsen and Tolstoi and many other thinking men as an earnest student of the problems that beset us in this present day with regard to the relations between men and women. He has thrown down his gauntlet as the champion of modern woman. And that not in any sentimental way. He does not tell woman that she is the cause of most of the progress that has been made in the world, that she has a peculiarly exalted moral nature, that her entrance into public life will introduce a high standard in politics. He recognizes woman as weak, as degraded by being prevented the use of her functions, and he bids her arise and throw off her chains. She must fight her own battles, he tells her. Does she wish men to admit her equality with themselves? Let her prove it. A very healthy doctrine and much

better for women than that of the sentimentalists. He helps women by showing his faith in them, his belief in their ability to fight their own battles and by showing them how to do it. He does not minimize the difficulties that surround them.

He is perhaps chiefly intent in solving the problems of women in connection with marriage. Man's jealousy and tyranny are constantly the subject of his attack. "Men may have rounded Seraglio Point; they have not yet doubled Cape Turk." In his very earliest works we see traces of his interest in women's problems, which come to absorb him more and more. "Diana of the Crossways" is entirely the story of a brave woman struggling against the world—not that she has not to struggle against her own nature too, for that matter. "She is by no means of the order of those ninny young women who realize the popular conception of the purely innocent." "I thank Heaven I am at war with myself," exclaims Diana.

In "One of Our Conquerors" we have the story of a woman who has taken the "leap" out of society by leaving her husband to live with another man. The story is told with such sympathy, her life seems so to justify her course, that one does not condemn her. She, however, never seems to get away from the haunting sense of guilt. Her one grand impulse of daring spent, she retreats into the innate timidity that has ever marked her gentle and

sensitive nature. How like a woman!

In one of Meredith's later books, "Lord Ormont and His Aminta," (a very dull book, by the way, quite lacking in Meredith's usual fire) the story is even simpler. Lord Ormont, a man of sixty, marries a girl of twenty. She finds him uncongenial—and certainly his treatment of her is wholly indefensible—though he is not a bad man—and meeting with a young man who had loved her before her marriage, she runs away with him. No regrets or doubts as to the justification of their course ever assail the young couple, who live happily ever after. It is to be supposed Mr. Meredith has said his final word on the subject. It is the same solution that many other modern writers have hit upon. Whether this simple method of cutting the knot, if universally accepted, would be of advantage to the community at large, is an open question. In any case it is to be remembered, as Meredith says elsewhere, that conventions protect the weak, and that women are at present the weaker half of humanity—aye, and in the scale of woman's weakness put the children, such soft and tender things! Yet not more helpless than even the strongest of women may be in the hours when she walks unabashed up to the grim Death to snatch from his hands a new life for this world: in that hour, let it be remembered, woman and child are both utterly dependent upon the caprice of man; and the Mighty Convention of Marriage.

## GRIEF AND JOY



By Frederic Lawrence Knowles

IT takes two for a kiss,  
Only one for a sigh;  
Twain by twain we marry,  
One by one we die.

Joy is a partnership,  
Grief weeps alone;  
Many guests had Cana,  
Gethsemane had one.

# THE HOODOO BANK

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By Mary E. Fitzgerald

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

"I THINK that old bank is a regular hoodoo," said Susie, with tears streaming down her face as she watched Katherine open it and take out the hoard of dimes and nickles and an occasional quarter.

"I believe it is," said Katherine grimly. "We just get so much—" and then at sight of Jimmie's distressed face she said cheerfully: "But don't you care; Jimmie will look so swell in his new coat that someone will hire him for an ornament and then he'll put in quarters instead of nickles and pennies; won't you, Jimmie boy? Or maybe some millionaire will stroll into the office and fall in love with my beautiful golden hair and aristocratic white hands, and then mother may have gold watches on her fingers and toes and be happy forever after."

The four laughed, for Katherine was so far from being a beauty that Jimmie, who adored her, said: "The fellow in the vaudeville who sang about his girl being so homely that nobody wanted her, must have been thinking of Katherine;" at which everyone had laughed except the mother, who said resentfully, "Handsome is as handsome does; and if anyone does handsomer than Katherine, I've never seen her; she's a good, wholesome girl, and if her hands are like hams, Jimmie—which you're very fond of telling her—it was working for you that made them so."

Jimmie, conscience stricken, had tried to pacify her, but for several days she was distinctly cool and cooked the things he liked least. Since then Katherine's lack of beauty had not been the subject for much jesting.

"I can get a good enough coat for ten

dollars, and that will leave five eighty to begin again with," said Jimmie.

"You'll get a good one while you're about it," said Katherine; "and, besides, you need some other things. But I tell you this much; that bank is going to be thrown into the alley this very day. Our spare change after this will go into a ginger jar or an old stocking. Ever since I can remember this bank has been standing on that clock shelf just waiting and waiting for some bad luck to come along so it might be opened. Mother will never get a watch, if she lives to be a hundred, if we depend on this bank for it. I'm beginning to hate the sight of it."

They looked awestruck. When Katherine gave way, there must be something very wrong indeed.

"What will mother say?" asked Susie.

"She needn't know. We've always prophesied that someone would steal it. Let her think that the prophecy has come to pass. Hateful thing!"

Katherine's chief remembrance of her father had been his weekly ceremony of depositing in the bank the exact amount he had spent for tobacco during the week, always observing, "There, mother, your watch money is getting a big pile."

But, alas! when the bank was opened it was to help pay his funeral expenses. That had been eight years ago, and until she was sixteen the struggle for bread and butter had been such a desperate one that there was no thought of saving for anything.

The first deposit, three years ago, was a nickle she had saved by walking home. When she told the others what she planned to do, they seconded her enthu-

siasm stoically; but their mother never knew why there was such joy over each tiny addition. Harry, indeed, was always edging around the forbidden subject. "Watches" seemed to be the only topic he could find to converse with his mother upon.

"What do you want for Christmas, ma?"

"Sure, since I can't have a watch, I don't want anything else," was the cheerful reply.

"But what in the world do you want with a watch, mother? You never go anywhere," Katherine had once said a little impatiently.

"I'd know I had it, and I'd often go to the Auxiliary," said the little mother calmly. "But, sure, what's the use of talking about it? Ever since I was born I've wanted one. Your father was that foolish he wanted to get me one when we were first married, but I held out for a home, and lucky I did. A watch would be small comfort to me with four children and no roof over our heads. He bought the bank above, but what with one thing and another, the money always went for something else."

And for something else the children's money went.

Susie's contributions, earned by occasional dish washing for the neighbors when they had company; little Harry's pennies, earned by running errands; Katherine's and Jimmie's, saved from lunches and car fares, had all gone to pay for the new sidewalk.

A new fund was started. The kind of watch had even been decided upon, when Susie's illness came and the bank was again emptied. Now, for the third time, when the watch had been actually selected, Katherine decided that Jimmie's shabby clothes were against him, and that new ones must be bought if he hoped to find work.

"Mother is so sensible about everything else, I can't see why she wants that watch so much," said Susie. "She

doesn't say anything about a watch for herself, but she is always talking about other people having them. She never notices anything else."

"I suppose a watch means everything else to her, because people who are very poor don't have them. Poor mother has had to work so hard, and I don't think she ever had a luxury in her life," said Katherine with tears in her eyes.

"If she ever does get it, she'll never wear it, you'll see if she does. She'll hang it up the way she does her black cashmere dress. She wears any old thing when she goes out, and it's all out of style now. I think it's a shame, when you went without a cloak to get it, Katherine," said Susie.

"Mother went without a great many things for me," said Katherine simply.

"Are you really going to throw the bank away?" said Susie.

"Yes, I'm tired of seeing it."



The bank had been gone two or three days, when Harry, who was burdened with a couple of pennies he had been hoarding, said: "Gee! Since the bank's gone, I don't know where to keep my money. I forget to give it to Katherine to put in the stocking."

His mother gave a startled upward glance. "What has become of it?" she gasped. "How long has it been gone?"

"I—I lost it in the alley," stammered Harry.

"And what were you doing with it in the alley?" demanded his mother, shaking him. "The bank your father gave me when I was first married and that helped pay his funeral bills! What were you doing with it in the alley, I say?"

"They thought—Katherine said—it was a hoodoo, so I went out and buried it," sobbed the boy.

His mother threw a shawl over her head and, taking him by the hand, led

him forth to the alley. Several places were dug up without success.

"I'll find it if every foot of the ground is dug with my finger nails," said Mrs. Fleming. "Can't you remember, boy, where you put it?"

"Where the little dog is sitting looks like the place," wailed he. "But it was kind o' dark, so I don't know for sure where it was."

"Did anyone ever have such children? To take my bank and bury it without leave or license! But I'll show them."

Mrs. Fleming sank on her knees at the spot where the little dog was crouching. Seeing a kindly face, with paws against Harry's leg he dumbly begged to be taken up.

The bank was there, and Harry, sobbing and half unconscious of his burden, ran along behind his mother, snuggling the half frozen, forlorn little animal close to his breast.

The bank was placed on the shelf where it had rested for the last twenty years. Then his mother noticed the dog.

"Take that dog back where you found it," she said sternly. "It's turning to thieving my children are; first a bank and then a dog. What's to become of us at all I don't know, with such goings on."

Harry's house to house search revealed no owner for the dog, so the little animal was brought home, fed, washed and combed by the joyful boy.

The evening was not a pleasant one. Harry and Susie wept every time they caught sight of the stern face of their usually cheerful mother. Katherine, in desperation, had revealed the secret of their savings, but with no visible effect. James, manlike, on pretense of advertising the dog, had gone out to escape the unpleasant atmosphere.

When he came in at ten o'clock their mother, whom they had heard bustling about the kitchen, appeared at the sitting room door, her face wreathed in smiles, and invited them to a feast "pre-

pared to celebrate the finding of the bank," she said.

When the relieved four had seated themselves with many exclamations of delight, she went around and kissed each one.

"I've got four of the best children in the world," she said. "I'll get me watch all right some day, if it's meant that I should have it. Instead of blaming the bank for ill luck, my dearies, you should thank God for it. If we hadn't had it what would have become of us at all when the hard days fell upon us? Didn't it always open its heart like a good friend and give us all it had? A hoodoo indeed! But we'll say no more about it."

"I'm glad we've got it back," said Katherine. "The kitchen hasn't looked like itself without it."

The next day a gentleman and little boy came in answer to the advertisement for the dog. The mutual joy of dog and boy was so pleasant that even Harry wiped his tears and rejoiced at the lost being found. The whole family laughingly refused the reward.

"If it wasn't for him—" began the mother, and then stopped.

"Yes?" said the gentleman inquiringly, but received no reply.

"You'll allow me to buy the little boy some candy, won't you?" said the gentleman.

"Oh, yes, we've no objection to that," smilingly said the mother, and Harry, skipping along, escorted him to the nearest store, some blocks away.

"So everybody in your family has everything he wants," began the gentleman artfully.

"Yes, I've got Tommie, my cat, and a baseball I found, and I think I'll be big enough to whip Billie Kline in a couple of months, and Jimmie has a new overcoat, so maybe he'll get a job soon, and Susie has her bead chain, and Katherine never wants anything but peace and lots of it, she says, and

mother was only joking about wanting a watch."

"What's that?" said the gentleman quickly.

"Why, the watch, you know, that we were all saving up to buy."

And the lawyer, a famous cross-questioner, from that on had no difficulty in getting the whole story, and went home with a very well satisfied expression.



"Didn't I tell you that bank would bring us luck?" said the mother triumphantly the following day. "A watch for me and a job for Jimmie and a

friend for all of us. Could you ask more?"

"I suppose you'll wear it feeding the chickens," said the delighted Jimmie.

"Go 'long with you! A watch with a diamond, feeding the chickens! Indeed I'll wear it only at weddings; it's too handsome to wear to the Auxiliary, and besides, what does a person need of a watch there, and a clock as tall as a man staring you in the face all the time?"

Susie stole an "I told you" glance at Katherine, but Katherine, an image of pure joy, was rapturously hugging her happy mother.

## BETSY STRAWBERRY

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

By Ruth M. Harrison

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

SHE coyly responded to the name of Betsy Strawberry. Wouldn't that jar you! The kids nearly fell over in a fit when they heard it. As she expressed it, "I ain't no nigga, 'caus' I ain't black; I'se jus' a cullud pusson." We always suspected a strain of Indian in her, she was so tall and straight, and had such high cheek bones. Added to that a firm and easy way of gliding around that was the envy of many a girl in our set.

Right from the corn field she came, and when mother told her to dress the children after she had given them their bath, Betsy essayed to put on their shoes and stockings with the kids standing up, "Jus' like we was horses," said Dick the irrepressible, after his third toppling over on the floor.

She was very proud of her figure, and till the last days of her life was never known to go without stays; she was

always trim, and soon discarded her misshapen country clothes, and under all circumstances wore a tight fitting princess wrapper, only adding a wide belt when she went to prayer meeting, this her only dissipation. She never "took" much to city ways, never went gadding about and was always at her post early and late. Though her work was often shiftless, she was absolutely devoted to her charges, and the kids just loved their "Mammy Betsy."

As the children grew older and needed less of her care, she took up more and more of the housework. But every now and then mother did have to touch her up about her work. But you bet Betsy was never caught napping as to an excuse. One day mother said to her:

"Betsy, you are getting very careless about your work lately."

"Huccum?" said Betsy, bridling.

"Well, for one thing, about sweeping. Now look at the nursery, you just give it a lick and a promise, and the work is not half done."

"What, me, Mis Thompson? I dun swep' dat room ebery day dis week! I sho did, Mis Thompson."

"Now, Betsy," said mother, in her most conciliatory tone, "you know you have been careless,—just look at the dirt under that bed."

"Dirt?" said Betsy quickly. Then stooping down and looking under the bed she broke into a broad smile. "Lor', Mis Thompson, dat ain't no dirt, honey chile, dat's jus' house moss!"

Uncle Peter was her "ole man." She was very proud of Uncle Peter, to the eternal wonderment of everyone who knew her. He was a shiftless, stiff-legged wood sawyer, old enough to be her grandfather, but she just doted on him,—there was no other word for it. Uncle Peter was guilty of periodic disappearances, and Betsy would mope around like a sick calf till he would turn up again, older, more shiftless, and stiffer than ever. Then Betsy would perk up, and all day we would hear her high treble in,

"Shout, shout, Elijah! Shout a' me home."

The girls used to receive every Friday, and Betsy always served the refreshments. One Friday evening there was quite a crowd, including some visiting Harvard boys, and the girls were doing themselves proud. When it came time to pass the refreshments, Betsy was nowhere to be found. Finally at half past ten she came sailing through the hall, and Maudie caught her on the fly.

"Why, Betsy, where on earth have been,—we've been calling and calling you."

Betsy promptly, with a most beatific grin and a most audible voice, made answer: "Lor', chile, I'se been sittin' in the lap of my beloved! Uncle Peter's dun come back."

I wish you could have heard those boys shout.

Mother and the girls were in the throes of Spring cleaning, and, as the warm weather was coming on apace, determined on employing extra help, so as to expedite matters. Mother asked Betsy if she could not get some one of her friends. Now Betsy was suffering from a well developed case of Spring fever—some call it "Lazy Lawrence;" the Creoles call it *la caigne*. Anyhow, we Southerners are prone to it, be we white or black, only the darkies are more so, and you won't get a decent lick of work out of them while it lasts. The Strawberry was very loath to bestir herself and go out and hunt a chorewoman, so:

"No'm, Mis Thompson, I don' knows nobody. Nune as I kin jus' azactly trus'. Nune o' dem triflin' niggas wants to wuk dese days. Dey's jus' seemen' mo' and mo' no 'count," and she comfortably backed up against the door jamb, anything but the picture of energy. Then as an after thought: "De dooberies is ripe—I seen a passel o' dem dis mo'ning; a ooman done had dem."

Well now! Lazy Lawrence and the dewberry patch! In view of that combination the case seemed hopeless indeed; yet mother made one more effort.

"But Betsy, do try to think of someone? What has become of Liza Jane?"

"Liza Jane?" said Betsy, awakened into momentary interest, "Liza Jane? Oh! she ain't wukkin' jes now, she ain't so well."

"What is the matter with her?" said mother. "Is she sick?"

"No'm," answered Betsy, "she ain't azactly sick—she's jus' dun had a baby."

"What!" said mother. "Why, I didn't know that Liza Jane was married."

"She ain't," slowly admitted Betsy. "No'm, she ain't married. She jus'

*Cantabile*

*p* Now go tell Aunt Ab-bie, the old grey goose is dead, the

*p* one that she was so vain, to make a feather bed. The one that she was so vain;

*be-cause she was so vain, to make a feather bed*  
*rallentando*  
*pp*

didn't want to be er old maid!"

And this from a sister of the "Fus Baptis' church!"

Marthy Ann, her niece, was our washerwoman; improvident to a degree. And nothing would rile Betsy so much as for Marthy Ann to ask her "couldn't she loan her a dime or so."

"Wha' dat money Mars Ben dun giv' yo' when yo' got paid off?"

"I dun spent it all. De watermilyuns and de pussimmons. Oh, I jus' can't git pass de fruit stan' when I'se got de money in mah pocket," whined Marthy Ann.

"Huh," snorted Betsy, "Yo' cain't,

cain't yo'. Well, what I wants to know is dis heah; huccum if yo' kin pass de fruit stan' when yo' ain't got de money, I sez, huccum yo' cain't pass de fruit stan' when yo' is got de money, ste'd o' waissen yo' money what yo' ought to save fo' a rainy day? Dat's what I wants to know."

These two never met without some lively side-stepping. One morning Marthy Ann was coming into the house with her basket of wash and ran into Betsy all diked out in her "Sunday Susan" clothes.

"Fo God, Aunt Betsy, wha' yo' gwine, all dressed up in yo' dese

heahs," queried Marthy Ann, devoured by a mighty curiosity.

"Wha' I'm gwine?" exploded Betsy, fixing her with a lurid stare. "Wha' I'm gwine? I'm gwine wha' I'm gwine, dat's wha' I'm gwine! All de time axin' me wha' I'm gwine!"

Marthy Ann was transfixed!

Betsey's devotion to the little ones, however, offset all of her shortcomings by a long shot. We will never forget her loving care of our Dolly Dimple, as we called baby Dorothy—the pride of our hearts. Measles, followed by pneumonia, threatened to baffle the skill of our best physicians. Dolly Dimple would not abide anyone to touch her but her mother and Mammy Betsy—with a slight preference for "booful Mammy Betsy." When the mother was worn out by days and nights of anxious watching, (that was before the advent of the thrice blessed trained nurse) Mammy Betsy still held tirelessly to her post. The fever raged; the little face was red-hot and the labored breath came in tight gasps—till it seemed that our darling was doomed to be taken from us.

"Take me. Mammy Betsy," she would

plead and plead. Finally the dear old doctor said:

"Pick her up carefully, Betsy, and hold her close. It may quiet her restlessness."

Gently, lovingly she gathered up the tiny sufferer close to her ample bosom; the golden head nestled against the kinky woolly one. Up and down, up and down paced Betsy with her noiseless tread, hour after hour, until it seemed she must drop from exhaustion. Then, little by little, the labored breathing grew quieter, little by little the nervous twitching grew less, and then from Dolly Dimple, in a weak, coaxing voice:

"Sing to me, Mammy—sing to me 'bout the 'old gray goose.'"

Back and forth trod Betsy, over and over again her clear, high treble droned the lullaby so dear to the hearts of Betsy's charges:

"Go tell Aunt Abbie, Abbie, Abbie, the old gray goose is dead."

Over and over again, lower and sweeter, till the white lids closed over the feverish eyes, the little limbs stretched out in comfort, and the crisis was passed.

## THEN, O GOD!

By John McGovern

Author of "The Golden Censer," "The Fireside University," "Poems," "Plays," etc.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**W**HEN white-eyed Death shall fright my timid flesh,  
And chase my spirit from his habitation,  
May willing yet unwilling hands take me  
To unoffended Nature. Then, O God!  
Give me the memory of an honest man,  
And unseen flowers shall keep my grave as sweet  
As lilac-banks that make one narrow week  
The only recollection of a year.



## A Dance in the Dutch East Indies

By Poultney Bigelow, F.R.G.S.

Author of "History of the German Struggle for Liberty," etc.

MUNICH, BAVARIA

"HELLO, Sergeant!"

It was a white man in Dutch uniform. He looked my way and answered my greeting with some words I did not understand.

"Speak English?" I sang out.

He shook his head.

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

He shook his head again.

"Habla Espanola?"

Another negative.

"Dutch?"

A few words.

"French, perhaps?"

His face brightened.

"Je suis Belge!" said he, and with that I jumped out of my canoe and could have thrown my arms about him for the joy of meeting someone of the place with whom I could talk—at last. Yes, he was a Belgian, and serving in

the Dutch colonial army at Banda.

To my expression of surprise that he should be here, he answered that there were many foreigners amongst the colonial troops of Holland, especially Germans. The Dutch authorities asked few questions, and so long as you didn't have the fever too often the life was tolerable. As to himself he had a Javanese "wife"—liked the service, wife included, and next week was about to reengage for another six years in the army, because at the end of twelve years he would be entitled to retire on a small pension.

He mentioned the sum; it was so small that I have mislaid it—at the time it sounded as though it would just about pay for the daily beer of a Munich cabman. I did not ask him as to the relative cost of a wife in Brussels and Banda

respectively—he was not referring to that item, however.

I had been drawn ashore here by the sounds of native music, and certain signs of a festive gathering. My little "Carri-bee" (canoe) was surrounded by sympathetic natives, who pried respectfully into every corner of her dainty hold, but so politely as to impress me more by their courtesy than curiosity. To be sure I was amongst a waterside population, for even the soldiers here are amphibious. The sergeant showed me with pride a monster canoe for about twenty men, in which he and his little garrison were constantly running about to different points of the island. He was but one of four non-commissioned officers at the barracks, and these had under them but a handful, some twenty to thirty native soldiers (infantry.)

Banda is a beautiful little island on the easternmost edges of Mahomedanism. After leaving this island we round the edges of Ceram and are amongst the so-called Papuans, who look as much like African negroes as Malays and whose religion seems to be devoid of spiritual character, resembling rather voodoo or devil worship. Banda is, moreover, at the foot of a great volcanic mountain which is in a chronic state of eruption and on the line of volcanic vertebrae commencing with Sumatra, traveling eastward through Java and Lombok to Timoor, then deflecting in a northerly direction through Banda and Amboyna, leaving Ceram to the east and going on through Gilolo and the northern end of the Celebes to Mindanao, Luzon and ultimately Japan.

My Belgian sergeant told me that hereabouts the Dutch people were delighted with the Russian war, because they felt that the Japanese would thereby be turned away from an alleged design of swallowing up the Dutch colonies.

At any rate nothing seems more reasonable than a Mikado Monroe Doctrine covering the Pacific Ocean along

volcanic lines from Behring Sea to Singapore. The same volcanic thrill that moves Java is felt in Tokyo—and when we look at the people themselves we can easily see why that thrill should be political no less than seismic.

The Malay archipelago has infinitely more interest with Japan than the Platte and Amazon with New York. A Japanese governor of Batavia would soon feel at home.

But to return to my Belgian sergeant.

One of his corporals, a native of Amboyna, had just reenlisted for two years, and so far from feeling sad over it, he had secured permission from the commandant to celebrate the event by a grand feast regardless of expense.

How an Amboyna man, on a penny or so a day, could give a grand feast, seemed miraculous to me. My sergeant explained the mystery. The reenlisted native corporal engaged a famous Javanese dancing girl to come over from the nutmeg plantation where she earned a dollar or so a month, and to dance for them from early in the afternoon to somewhere near midnight. This girl being a favorite would cost a lot of money, maybe one or two dollars—and her mother-in-law and sister, to say nothing of the rest of the family, were on hand to see that she or they received all the pay that was her due—and theirs.

Then the native corporal had to engage a band of native musicians, and this too was expensive—another dollar or two, possibly three. Then it was expected that he pass around refreshments to at least some of the most important of his guests, and that might involve him to the extent of yet another dollar.

It looked as though this native had involved himself in expenses that would swallow up his pay for the whole of his enlisted time and far beyond—and how was he ever to get out of debt, asked I? He went to the commanding officer and secured the privileges of the barrack drill ground for that one day and even-

ing—in other words, he received permission to pocket the gate money, so to speak,—and to sell gambling privileges sufficient to cover all the expense of orchestra, dancing girl, free drinks and possibly leave something over for himself.

I counted at least twelve mats devoted to gambling—a Malay Monte Carlo conducted very quietly and politely. The gamblers were men for the most part, though at some mats I saw Javanese ladies whose husbands had given them money to stake—possibly the husbands were at that moment on sentry duty.

This was a military festival in the sense that the host was a soldier and none but soldiers were to appear save by special invitation. I was the only civilian present, and for this I must express thanks to my Belgian sergeant.

Gambling is the same the world over—a pile of coin, a circle of humans seeking to suppress the hungry look in their otherwise dull faces, a croupier who pushes the money to one side or the other—this you can see anywhere in Europe, or at Macao, or at Jahore, or Borneo or Banda.

Here were no Chinamen, and no white men save my sergeant and myself—indeed on Banda are but a few Chinese shopkeepers; the coolies are Malays, natives of the islands, for the work is fairly light.

I was about to say goodbye to my sergeant and paddle further, when I heard the sound of the native orchestra, so I stayed. The music was on the stoop of what had been the military prison, a broad verandah of smooth cement railed off by thick bamboo poles, so that the audience might not press too closely upon the performers. At one end of the veranda squatted four dusky natives.

One had before him the most important piece of all, that might correspond to the cymbal of a Hungarian band. It consisted of six copper jars with a knob an inch in diameter at the top of each

lid. Each jar, about six to nine inches in diameter, was laid separately on a species of net made of malacca or bamboo thongs. The whole looked from a distance like a table decked with a service of half a dozen round brass soup tureens.

The leader struck these brass or copper vessels with two sticks, one in each hand. The stick was about a foot long and as thick as a New York policeman's day club, but of softish wood. The sound was chime-like.

Sometimes he struck the knob, sometimes the other part, sometimes both almost simultaneously—he was playing at four o'clock when I first arrived; he was playing when I finally went home. He played with scarce an interruption, the beads of sweat burst out over every part of him, but he seemed very happy, especially when I sent a ginger colored boy to drop some coins into a brass bowl in front of him, and into which the warriors dropped certain sums when they wished to show their approval or desired to dance with the famous Javanese danseuse.

But I am anticipating.

Another native who sat on the leader's left played on an arrangement suggesting a xylophone piano. Behind him sat another who had some metal strips upon which he played after the like manner. On the leader's right was a man who had a long drum on his lap—all these players were squatted on the ground. This long drum he patted with his flat hand so cleverly that he could produce considerable variety of tone, and he kept up a monotonous time movement which finished by so hypnotising me that I felt as though I could have stayed on without ever wearying of it. There was, behind these four, one who had charge of two big gongs which lent weight to some of the passages.

It was savage or barbarous music in so far as we call everything barbaric that is strange or incomprehensible to

us. I, at least, enjoyed it hugely. But then methinks I have a partiality for strange music. Once, in Tokyo, I listened night after night to a beautiful Japanese lady of blessed memory. It was a cruel fate that drew my visit to a close. She played and sang to me symphonies, operas, native lyrics of great depth and range of sentiment—so she said.

Likewise I have listened for hours to Scottish bagpipes—they must be played outdoors by marching soldiers, with a fine wind blowing. The fife and drum too have their own fascination, provided there are many drums skillfully handled. And then that weirdest of all drumming—the Moorish music with the wailing minor and the everlasting dull thump, thump of the tomtom—nothing would seem more barbarous in description, yet many who revel in Wagner can also find fascination if not elevation in the rhythmic melodies of Berber tribes.

This orchestra of Banda had more of melody than most so-called barbarous music; the sound of the wood upon the brass tureens produced an effect which upon me at least acted as a magnet, strong enough to hold me in one spot for more hours than any opera that I have so far ventured into.

Then that little Java lady—she came demurely across the drill ground from the barrack room where she had been dressing. She was of the Japanese standard in height, slight yet plump enough, graceful, modest. Her little bare feet slipped softly back and forth from under her gorgeous native petticoat (sarong), which is here but a gauzy strip of many-colored, silky material, and which is tucked in about the waist without the trouble of buttons, seams or pins.

She wore a very coquettish little basque or waist, or what a man might regard as a feminine cummerbund belt, reaching from the waist nearly to her arm pits, just covering one portion of her breasts, but leaving her shoulders

and arms untrammelled in order that she might as freely as possible express her emotions through the gentle swaying of her body in general, and her arms and hands in particular.

When she stepped onto the stoop it was with the simplicity of a child unconscious of any audience. With the first move of her beautiful arms I felt myself back in Japan again—this seemed a part of that empire—her manner, her every pose suggested dances I had seen in Kyoto, and the behavior of this little plantation slave suggested the blood of Japanese samurai in her veins.

Who can describe a dance! We dance in order to awaken feelings which we cannot or dare not express aloud. It is a form of entertainment consecrated by thousands of years, and will go on to the end of the world along with the one emotion linked with it—the attraction of woman to man.

Our own dancing is coarse compared with this of the far East, where human nature is more complex, more subtle.

My little Javanese queen made every gesture so faintly as almost to escape note by one of my poor atrophied senses. When she moved her eyes it was just enough—when she moved a hand it was but a suggestion—her body swayed but a shade, but in that shade was the stroke of a master.

Each Malay warrior clamored for the honor of being her partner, and always on the same motive, "Love—love—and don't you wish you may succeed!"

This Javanese dancing retains that element which only Hungarians preserve in Europe—carrying out dramatically and with musical accompaniment, couple by couple, the alternate hopes and fears, the wailing lamentations, the passionate bursts of anger, the mad yell of triumph, the pantomime involved in our greatest of dances, the Csardasch of the gallant Magyar.

My little plantation princess swayed and waved her beautiful arms, spread

her exquisite fingers, raised ever so gently her shapely shoulders, turned so gracefully that one might have sworn she floated—her eyes too did now and then take their part in the dance, but most discreetly.

The dancing warrior did his part by moving to the sound of the orchestra, manifesting his eagerness to conquer the beautiful prize, and showing dramatically his grief and sometimes despair when she gracefully and coyly slipped past him and then turned to sing him a line or two, sometimes sarcastic, sometimes mildly encouraging. The lover wore a thin scarf about his neck; it hung to his feet, and was used for the purpose of giving grace to his comparatively ungainly motions. His hands and arms performed most of the pantomime, and ignorant as I was and blunted as to my senses, I could not miss the general purpose of these dramatic passes.

The dance closed always in about the same way, and this was symbolized by the lover tossing his scarf over her head in token of triumph. The number of times that my sweet little princess succumbed to the scarf capture was bewildering from an ethical point of view.

One warrior inspired her to some particularly fine effects. It carried even me out of my habitual coldness, and I sent her a piece of jewelry which happened to be in my pocket. This seemed to please her, and still more the sister, who acted as family treasurer, for she craned her neck around for a good look at me, showed all her handsome teeth in a happy smile and stowed my trifle carefully away.

Of course it would have been highly unprofessional for this diva to have stepped outside of her role of oriental calm—she rarely looked at the audience, and then only when it was necessary to languidly sweep her haughty gaze round to measure her distance from the dancing partner whose embrace she intended to elude. But this bit of jewelry was

something so quite outside of her barrack life experience, coming too on top of some money put into the brass dish which represented more than her plantation earnings for several months, that I saw her little mouth twitching with the desire to expand into a smile of triumph. I saw her less fortunate acquaintance look at her with envy, and the Belgian sergeant whispered to me:

"Prenez garde! she may take a fancy to you—what have you done!"

It seemed that I had quite gone beyond what the dramatic profession anticipated in this section of the East Indies, for the little danseuse from now on seemed to dance with one eye in our direction. However, the native regiment, or what there was of it on Banda, were happy in their share of the pleasure. One man had had the beri beri and was convalescent. So carried away was he with the excitement that he itched to have his fling with the witching lady, but he had no money.

So for the sake of seeing how a beri beri convalescent manages to recover the use of his limbs, I slipped half a gulden into his hand, and this he promptly had changed into a pocketful of copper, and then he managed to work off a dozen dances to the huge delight of himself, his partner and the audience, with whom he was obviously a favorite.

I was struck by his good dancing—the immense reality of his acting, so to speak—when she turned away and seemed to spurn him, yet with languishing eyes, his attitude of tragic despair was a finished bit of acting, and when she gave him hope the blaze in his eye was too real to be mere mimicry.

My sergeant whispered to me: "Voyez vous, M'sieur! That lad is from Amboyna—'elle etait sa maitresse'—but that was before her present marriage!" And it seemed that some of the old feeling was still there. The first marriage may have been for love, the last one a family arrangement.

Never did a premier danseuse dance so long or more gracefully than this little Banda belle—a beautiful creature she was, as I look back now on that moonlight night under the palms and nutmeg trees.

Nominally a slave, she was easily the queen of that garrison; nominally a coolie girl, she had more of real life than any princess at any court of Europe, bar Saxony; nominally a plantation drudge, she was in reality exercising daily the muscles which conduced most to her health and happiness; nominally earning but the mere sufficiency of a serf,

yet she was rich in comparison to all about her, and after all, what is it to be rich?—is it more than the power to love and be loved in return?

When I came to leave that scene it was with many mixed feelings—the elder sister came down to the beach where little Caribee lay impatient. She came on behalf of the little dancer—would I take her along in my boat? I said I was going far away—she did not care; I said my boat was frail and she might come to harm—she did not care. I said—well, I forget all I said that night.

## FLOWERMAN AND STARLIGHTER

By Shannon Birch

HANOVER, KANSAS

Where nature is a common book  
Of peaceful skies, of spreading leas,  
Of plow-urned field, of quie nook,  
Of spires amid green rees.

THE doctor when reminiscent could cali to mind at almost every house in Prophet Town, as he made his professional rounds, the death of an occupant; sometimes the memory was of the old, sometimes of the young. In a quarter of a century death had entered every dwelling on the principal street of Prophet Town, so remembered the doctor one evening in September, as he slowly drove to his home at one end of the street, when the sun seemed setting but a mile away in a lane of ripening corn that led westward out of town. In all that street no house had escaped the visitations of death, except one other and the doctor's, where the doctor during the years of his ministrations in Prophet Town had lived alone.

The other exception to the mortuary generalizations of the doctor, as applied to Poplar street in Prophet Town, was the dwelling house at the other end of the street from the doctor's, the last before taking the prairie east from Prophet Town. In this lived Rose Temple, spinster, benefactress and friend of every soul in the town. In all the years of his daily itinerary the doctor had not crossed Rose Temple's hospitable threshold. It was true, as the doctor knew, that his absence was not the result of inadvertence, but of design.

When at last the doctor was summoned to Rose Temple's he proceeded there with no less agitation than if he had suddenly been called to the bar of heaven.

As he reached the sick-room his feel-

ings became supreme. When ushered in and left alone with his patient she lifted a hand and said in tones of celestial kindness:

"Felix."

The doctor knelt by the bedside, his bosom bursting with sobs. Rose Temple gently stroked his hair, soothing him with her touch. When calmness followed the patient said:

"The years have been so long, Felix; and I am about to depart. I could not go on without reconciliation. I have a malady that is beyond human control. I have concealed its inroads. I have been compelled to succumb at last. I am sure the end is near. I sent for you to be reconciled and to say farewell in peace!" Rose, with a modest movement, disclosed the seat of her malady. The doctor viewed it with eyes streaming with renewed tears. His breast heaved with suppressed anguish as he exclaimed:

"O, Rose, the madness, the madness of it; the long, long years; the long, long, wasted years!"

Rose again placed her hand on the doctor's head and replied:

"Yes, long, long years, Felix; but not wasted years."

"The good you have done—"

"No, no, they have been wasted years!"

When the doctor had again regained calmness he remained long at the bedside, and when about to depart Rose said:

"Please do not forget to send a sedative, Felix. I think I can sleep tonight, with a little aid. Take little Janet with you; she will return with it safely."

The doctor returned to his office with his faculties absorbed in the incidents of the hour. To arouse himself from this state, while mixing the potion that little Janet was to carry back to Rose, he said whimsically to his small attendant, who was almost invisibly seated in his big office chair:

"Jack the Giant Killer was a great fellow, wasn't he?"

"Yes," answered Janet, "but I like Flowerman and Starlighter better."

"Who, may I ask, are Flowerman and Starlighter?"

"It's a story Auntie Rose tells me. Auntie Rose says she is Starlighter, maybe; but she says Flowerman is just nobody, she guesses."

"Tell me the story, won't you?"

"O, it's a nice story, and I can't tell it like Auntie Rose. Doctor Gray, maybe you are Flowerman."

"Why?"

"O, I don't know, I just think so."

"Well, let's hear the story, and then we'll see whether I am Flowerman."

"O, I am almost sure you are. Let me see—I've never told it, and I don't know how to begin."

"Once upon a time, as the sun was sinking in the West, a traveler was seen wending—"

"No, no, not that way. Once upon a time there were two travelers—one was Day and one was Night. The other name of Day was Flowerman. The other name of Night was Starlighter. They lived together long, long ago; one day Flowerman went away from home and did not come back, and Starlighter went to hunt for him, but she could not find him. Only once in a while she could see him traveling away, away ahead, and she ran as fast as she could, but she could never catch up with Flowerman, who always hurried on to find Starlighter. Flowerman would sometimes see Starlighter, for they went around and 'round in a ring; but Flowerman could never catch up with Starlighter. Flowerman was always going on ahead as Starlighter was coming up, and Starlighter was always going on ahead as Flowerman was coming up. And then Auntie Rose said it did not matter about Day and Night, for they never died and they never got old, but she said Starlighter and Flowerman were

people, and that was ever so much different.

"Do you think you are Flowerman, now, doctor?"

The doctor's heart was swelling within him at the child's story. Was he Flowerman?

"Yes, my dear, I fear I am Flowerman!"

"O, Auntie Rose will be glad of that! I thought you were Flowerman. Now you can catch up!"

And the doctor instead thought of the hopelessness and the pity of it, for people who die and for people who grow old. His eyes were dim as he wrote the directions to his patient, saying to himself:

"These are the first lines in twenty-five years. How many, how many before!"

In the sick-room Rose took the prescription and kissed the lines without

reading them. They were the first lines in twenty-five years. How many, how many before!

The doctor was hardly absent from Rose Temple's in the following fortnight ere she passed away.

In the few months that followed, the doctor went about in a dream, although administering as usual to the physical ailments of Prophet Town. But what physician can cure himself? These few short months brought startling results. The doctor's duties were listlessly performed. The doctor took no care! The doctor was sick! The doctor, at last, was dying.

And it came about that the house of Rose Temple and the house of the doctor were no longer exceptions to the rule of all other houses on Poplar street in Prophet Town, that death had entered there.

## STILL IN THE OLD, FAMILIAR WAYS

By Cora A. Matson-Dolson

FLORIDAVILLE, NEW YORK

I SAW him carried from the place

While white flowers trailed a faint perfume,

And all the nearest of his race

Joined in the long procession's gloom.

And yet, within this place he stays;

The soft breeze lifts his whitened hair,

His rocker by the fireside sways,

I hear his step upon the stair.

I pass him in the darkened halls,

He bears a basket filled with grain;

His shadow in the doorway falls,

He bends his head to breast the rain.

The farm-horse feels him near and neighs;

Then, waiting in the silence, stands.

The fowls flock in their wonted ways

To take their feeding from his hands.

Through orchard lands I see him pass

When boughs with ripened fruit bend down,

And footprints mark the pasture grass

Beside the mushroom's mystic crown.

Deem otherwise than this, who may;

Who cannot feel, the silence through,

When you have borne your dead away,

A presence in the paths they knew!

# THE TRIBULATIONS OF NEWVILLE

A PARABLE

By Paul Tafel

CLEVELAND, OHIO

## **How Newville came into being and how the early settlers earned their living.**

**S**OME of the people of Oldenburg became dissatisfied with the state of things in their home town and in due time made up their minds to migrate. They put their wives and children and household goods on board a ship and bade the master to set sail and steer toward the setting sun. After a long voyage they landed on an island, looked around and said to one another: "This seems like a good country, let us settle here." And they built huts and log cabins and cleared the timber away that they might raise wheat and cabbages and corn. The air was wholesome and the soil fertile, and it pleased them so much that the leaders got together and said: "Let us found a city and keep together for better or for worse. Let us have our own ways and be done with kings, for are not all men born free and equal?" So they set up an upper and a lower council of wise and honorable men that knew no selfishness, and who should watch by day and by night over the welfare of the town. A burgomaster was then elected who was to see that the laws made by the people, through their spokesmen in the councils, were properly carried out and obeyed by young and old. And the town was baptized Newville.

soil, one baked bread, another made garments and still another built houses; others again set to digging in the ground and found coal and oil and iron and many precious metals. One man was a wagon owner. He took it unto himself to carry the wheat from the farm to the mill and the flour from the mill to the baker. He hauled the ore from the mine to the smelters and the iron to the foundry and the blacksmith. His wagons went from one end of the island to the other and had it not been for this wagon owner, Newville would not have grown so fast and waxed so prosperous. He was indeed a useful burgess.

The people steadily multiplied, partly by themselves, partly by others who came from Oldenburg, when they had heard the tidings of Newville's natural riches. But with the people multiplied their needs. The baker could no longer bake enough bread for every household, and the tailor could not make enough garments, for there were too many to be fed and clothed. Nor were there enough houses to give shelter; and the farmers raised so much corn and the mines yielded so much coal and copper and iron that the wagon owner could no longer haul it all away. So it came about that others went to baking bread and to making garments and to building houses, and others built wagons and roads to deliver the goods.

As time went by, the children of the old folks became old folks themselves and had children too. They were a God-fearing lot, strong, resourceful and enterprising, as settlers are apt to be, thrifty and saving, and each followed the trade of his forefathers: one tilled the

## **How the tribulations of Newville began and how the tradespeople consolidated.**

Perfect peace can only live in small communities where habits are simple and conditions primitive, where there is plenty of the neces-

sities of life and where all are equal and united by brotherly love and mutual helpfulness and good will. But let there be more heads and there will be more minds. Diversity will take the place of equality and conditions will become complicated. Few human hearts are so wide that they can open to the multitude. In most hearts there is room for but a few. Love, once embracing the whole community, will restrict itself to the clan and, at last, when the clan also grows too numerous, it will seek refuge in the family. Let the bonds of common interest once be loosened, love will fast become indifferent, and, in addition, let the growing earthly needs outweigh the supply, hunger and envy will govern all thoughts and actions, and indifference will turn into grasping selfishness. The law of the survival of the fittest begins to operate and the struggle is on; so was it in Newville.

A shoemaker had noticed for some time that his fellow shoemaker across the street had more trade than he had himself, and one day he saw one of his own customers walk into the other shoemaker's shop to have his boots mended. He waited for him, and when he came out he asked: "Friend, is not my work as good as the other shoemaker's? Why have you quitted me?" And the man said: "In truth, your work is as good as his, but his is cheaper." So the cunning shoemaker inquired all around, and when he had found out his rival's prices, he henceforth sold his goods a little cheaper, and all his customers came back to him and he gained many new ones. His business grew larger and larger, and by buying his leather in big lots he could get it for a smaller price, so he sold his shoes still cheaper than before.

And the same phenomenon was observed in other trades. One of the wagoners went to the coal mine owner and said: "I will pay you back one-tenth

of the money that you pay me for hauling your coal, if you will promise never to trade with the other wagon owners." The coal man was satisfied, and lowered his prices, to the detriment and dismay of the other coal men, who got no money back from the wagon owner. And the people of Newville were pleased with this new state of things, for it was much better than in the olden days, when the town was very small and when there was only one man in each trade to buy from. Then the one baker could sell small loaves or big loaves as he pleased; now the many bakers tried to please their patrons, for the patrons could buy where they got the best goods at the lowest prices.

But this golden era of giving and receiving most for least did not last long, for the traders did not like it. Said one big oil refiner to another big oil refiner: "Listen, brother, if you and I keep on cutting each other's prices, the day will come when the people will get their oil for nothing and we must die in misery. You must buy me out, or I will buy you out, but this can go no further." After much debating, they compromised on a pool and lowered prices until all the poorer oil refiners could not stand it any longer and resolved to sell their wells to the pool. And the prices of oil went up again. Other traders did likewise, and small firms grew scarcer and scarcer. Once there was a meat packer who would have nothing to do with the other meat packers and refused to come in. The consolidated meat packers went to the consolidated cattlemen and asked them to stop selling live stock to the fool, and the poor meat packer quickly changed his mind.

But they consolidated not merely for maintaining prices. In some cases it was not possible to shut out competition entirely; so they hit upon some other plan to increase profits. Said one shop

owner to another shop owner: "You have a foreman and a man to work for you, and so have I. You have a man to keep your books, an engineer to assist you with his advice, a lawyer to interpret the city's law to you, and to collect outstanding debts, and a number of men to go out on the road and sell your goods, and so have I. Let us tear down our old shops and build a new one twice as big. Let us have one foreman, the better of the two, and one engineer and one lawyer and one bookkeeper and one set of salesmen, always the better of the two, and let the others go and save the pay." All of which they did, and their profits grew.

All these things were bad for the people, but, each being busy with earning an honest living, they did not realize it until, by and by, they found that they could no longer buy their salt from the salt maker who gave them the best salt for the least money; they had to buy from the consolidated salt makers and be thankful for the little they got for dear money; they could buy it nowhere else. In their distress they turned to Oldenburg, where the makers of goods are satisfied with smaller profits. But no sooner had the first shipload come across the sea, than the consolidated folks raised their voices all at once and cried: "Keep them out! Keep them out!" And they prevailed on the councilmen to make a law by which the Oldenburgers should be prevented from selling other goods to the people of Newville than those which they could not make themselves. And the councilmen, seduced by sundry means of persuasion and subtle argument, resolved that a wall should be built around the island and the harbors fortified. And furthermore, that whoever bought goods from foreign traders should pay toll to the city before he was allowed to pass the gates with what he had bought.

And the Oldenburgers were locked out forthwith.

**How the working-men consolidated, how they troubled the people, and how the people set things in order again.**

The consolidated makers of goods were so well pleased at the prospect of future riches that they did

not see the heavy clouds which had been gathering on the horizon for some time. Nor did it concern them much that the high prices which they extracted from the people fell hardest on the poor folks. But amongst these were the working-men who owned nothing but a strong body and the experience which they had gained during their years of apprenticeship. These they sold to the masters for wages, working long hours day by day.

One day a workman came to his master and said: "Master, I have toiled for you many years and faithfully. In former times I have been laying back a shilling a week for old age and rainy days, but food grows ever dearer and my wages are ever the same. Give me higher wages, that I may keep my body strong and my wife and little ones from starving." But the master grew very angry and cried: "Thou ungrateful servant, dost thou not know that I have ever paid you more than thy work was worth to me? Be gone, and may I see you never more!" But the workman felt sick at heart, and he told his fellows what he had done and what the master had said, and spread much discontent and anger among them. Said they: "Let us help our brother, for are we not in the same distress as he? Let us unite, and what the master denied to the one he may not deny to the many, for he cannot get on without us." And they all went to the master and demanded more wages. But the master grew more angry still and drove them out, and he

told his foreman to go out into the streets and taverns and hire all the idle men he could find. But no sooner had the other workmen learned of this, when they armed themselves with clubs and stones to keep the new men away from the house, and they threatened to set fire to the workshops if the master would not grant their just demands. And the master, seeing that much time and money would be lost if his workmen stayed out, promised to pay them higher wages if they would come back and be peaceful. It was not very long before the workmen of other trades did likewise; all united and demanded higher wages and almost always got them. One day, however, the united coal miners begged the united coal mine owners for better terms. But the owners would not treat with the miners, and the miners laid down their picks and shovels and quit work, and no coal was brought to day for many a week. At first the people were quite indifferent as to how the feud would end, for the mine owners had money in plenty, and therefore needed no sympathy, while the miners could live on the subsidies from the treasuries of brother unions. But when the grim Winter approached from the North, the people of Newville became scared at their empty coal bins and began to ask that the fight come to a speedy end. "Shall tens of thousands of us freeze because a hundred miners are at odds with their masters?" "But," asked others, "is not the cause of the poor miners a just one? Let the wealthy mine owners give in, for we must have coal." Time went by and nothing was done, when at last the burgomaster, seeing that the people grew very angry and openly sided with the miners against the haughty coal barons who would not yield, and fearing that the community would be subjected to great hardships during the Winter for lack of coal, took a hand in the feud. He set up a special council, by the judgment of which both

parties promised to abide. After the council had heard both sides, it decided for the miners, and the burgomaster earned much praise from all the united workmen and from the people.

Soon afterward the Newvillers awakened one morning and found no bread on the breakfast table; then again there was no meat to be had; then the plumber would not come to fix a bursted water pipe, and the grave diggers would not bury the dead—always because some union of working men was at odds with the masters as to wages and hours of work. There was bloodshed every day between united workingmen and those whom the masters had hired to take their places, goods remained undelivered and people had to walk many miles to reach their homes or places of business, buildings were left unfinished, ships were rotting in the harbors and the corn went to waste in the fields. Oftentimes business came to a standstill and the losses in money could not have been greater had there been actual war with some foreign city.



This lasted many years, but at last the people said: "Hold on, we have suffered enough. We deny neither to the masters nor to the workingmen to unite to safeguard their interests, but they are at fault if by safeguarding their own interests they interfere with those of the rest of the people, who are indeed many times more numerous than masters and workingmen together. And if masters and workingmen cannot settle their differences without subjecting young and old, men and innocent women and children to untold hardships, the differences must be settled for them by the people.

"Let us create a court in which half of the seats shall be allotted to the spokesmen chosen by the masters and the other half to the chosen spokesmen of the workingmen and a wise and honest

judge chosen by the people shall preside. Every master or union of masters and every union of workmen shall have a grant from the burgomaster to do business or work, without which grant they cannot enjoy the protection of the court. And all disputes shall be brought before this court and the contending parties shall abide by its decision under penalty of heavy fine, nor shall a master be permitted to dismiss his workmen or the workingmen to quit the master while the court is examining their case." Such was the people's will, and the law was made accordingly.

Peace reigned again in Newville and the city flourished. Soon the output of the mines and shops and the yield of the fertile fields was so large that it was far more than the people needed for themselves, and ship after ship went out to sea laden with wheat and fruit and meat and metals and hardware and came back with bags of gold.

**How the  
working-  
men im-  
proved  
their for-  
tunes.**

Of all earthly things, gold is the most peculiar. Few men can long behold it without becoming dazed by its luster. It attracts them with magnetic force, and when once within its magnetic circle they are filled with a mad desire to possess the source whence flows this mysterious power. Its influence makes itself felt ever and everywhere, and it is one of the unseen forces that govern the destinies of mankind. It is Satan's present to man and it breeds hatred and strife. It was also largely the cause of the tribulations of Newville.

Since the workingmen had risen from the humble state of servants whom the master could chastise and dismiss at his pleasure to that of a mighty power in the community who could treat with their masters on even terms, they became filled with new ambitions and desires. They did indeed not aim at becoming

masters themselves, but they wanted to live in a manner becoming the importance of their new position in Newville. They wanted to buy better garments and food, own their houses, give a better education to their offspring and enjoy the pleasures of life, all of which required a larger income.

Argued the workingmen:—"The wages of one man who produces one hundred pieces of a certain ware in one day form a small portion only of the profits which the master makes in selling these goods, while the workingmen ought really to get the larger portion." To which the master replied: "I have worked hard all my life, and of my savings I have built this shop and bought the tools with which you work and without which you could produce no more than ten pieces in one day. It would take ten workingmen to make one hundred pieces and the wages of each man would needs be smaller. "True," said the workingmen, "but without our labor your tools could produce naught and your profits would be naught while each of us workingmen could still make ten pieces a day and earn a living. This being so," continued the workingmen, "let us form a partnership; you build the shop and buy the tools, we furnish the labor and what is left of the sales money, after power and raw stuffs have been paid for, shall be divided; you shall get one-half, or one-third or one-fourth, or whatever shall have been agreed upon at the beginning and each of the workmen shall get his due share of the rest." But the master would not hear of it. "My business is my business and not the workmen's," he said.

But the united workingmen steadily followed their aim, pressing the masters for an increased share in the profits, and the masters became more and more alarmed and repeatedly beseeched the councils to fix by law a highest wage beyond which the workingmen could not go. But the united workingmen had,

in the course of time, obtained much influence in the councils and had powerful spokesmen, so that the masters could accomplish naught. Good feeling had never existed between masters and workingmen, and it now grew worse from year to year.

One outcome of this state of things was that the steadily upward movement of prices kept step with a steadily upward movement of wages, and the burden on the people was heavy. Small wonder was it indeed that the greater part of the people were inclined toward the side of the workingmen, for the masters were the dispensers of the necessities of life, and had for ages amassed great wealth at the expense of the people. So it came about that gradually the masters gave way before the great pressure, and one by one took the workingmen into partnership, and it was found that the scheme was good. The master took good care of the workingmen and the workingmen took good care of the shop and the tools, also the workingmen themselves saw to it that only good and experienced men found employment in the shop, for they knew full well that poor tools and poor workmen meant smaller profits.

**How the producers  
burdened the non-  
producers and how  
the non-producers  
revolted against  
the producers.**

The people of Newville were now divided into two large classes; on the one hand were the masters and the workingmen, who were called the producers, and on the other side were the non-producers, the great mass of the people. These were again sub-divided into three smaller classes. There were the school teachers, the preachers, the politicians and the army of officials who were in charge of the complicated mechanism of the city's

administration, with the burgomaster as chief engineer; the physicians, the lawyers, the artists, actors and writers. All these were also called the intellectuals or the professions. Then came an army of merchants and storekeepers who distributed the goods made by the producers, at a small profit, and last the still larger army of the unemployed, the unskilled, the tramps and the paupers, who were ever on the very edge of starvation.

Although the non-producers were many times more numerous than the producers, their total wealth was many times smaller, for the producers had the keys to the inexhaustible storehouses of nature, and they owned all the wagons and roads to deliver the goods to the people. Indeed, they might easily have starved the whole community to death, had it not been that they were ever afraid of violence. So they sold their goods for as much money as they could get from the people and they never went far enough to excite open revolt. Besides, the people were not united. The intellectuals stood apart. The artist and the scientist detest commercialism, therefore they would not mix with the merchants, and they would not side with the lowest classes, for those have no culture and education. Aside from that, they depended on the wealthy producers not only for their food but also for their income. The merchants wished to keep on good terms with everybody, for they had everybody for their customers, and finally the unemployed, unskilled, tramps and paupers, who had nothing to lose and nothing to gain, no matter which of the other classes had the upper hand, considered everybody else as their natural enemy. So it went on many years. Once in a while voices were heard requesting that the great wall be torn down and the foreign producers let in, and when the voices became too numerous and too powerful, the producers would open the gates a little and

allow those to come in that did them the least harm. But the discontent among the non-producers grew and gathered momentum, like a heavy stone that slowly starts to roll on a downward path. The people's long suffering patience came to an end.

And some said in great anger: "Let us tear down the great wall and open our ports to all the world. We want to buy from him who offers the best goods at the lowest prices, whether he be of our own or foreign stock." But others replied:

"Many goods can be made more cheaply in foreign cities because of cheaper raw stuffs, or cheaper labor or cheaper power. Entire industries might be wiped out if we allow such goods to be sold in Newville at their home prices, and many producers would be forced to join the great army of the unemployed and become a burden to the community. It might also happen that we buy more from the foreigners than they buy from us, and Newville's wealth would dwindle. Thus while we may have relief for the present, we shall have to suffer in the future. Lost wealth is hard to recover."

And the people saw that there was much sense in these arguments: besides, they loved their native city above everything else in the world and disliked the foreigners. "Let the wall stand," they said, "and think of some other remedy." The most radical ones argued this way: "The coal and salt and metals and the fertile soil which nature has been pleased to bless this island with belong to all men and are common property. Nature has not intended that her precious gifts, without which no one could live, should be possessed by but a few and be dealt out to the many for exorbitant toll. Therefore, let us seize by force of arms the mines and timber lands and fields and the highways that lead from them to the city, and distribute them among the peo-

ple, that each man may have one even share and all the mines and public lands and highways shall be worked for the people and by the people, or by those entrusted by the people with the management, and the returns shall flow into the people's pockets."

"But this would not be just nor fair," replied the more moderate ones. They said: "The early settlers and their sons have planted the first corn and wheat and cotton when Newville was but a wilderness; they discovered the mines and drove shafts into them; they built the highroads and hundreds of workshops, and they passed them on to their children and children's children, who improved their inherited property with the money they had earned through hard and patient labor. Had it not been for the work of these pioneers and those who prepared the raw stuffs furnished by the mines and forests and farms for the use of mankind, Newville would not be the wealthy and powerful city she is today. Why, then, should we suddenly rob the producers of their inheritance and of the fruits of their labors? Would it not be fairer if we made an honest bargain with them and gave them value for value?" And it was proposed that the city should buy all the mines and farm lands and prairies and forests and highways and turn them over to public spirited and experienced and honest men, who should be selected by the burgomaster for life, regardless of their political or religious faith, and be paid fair wages for their services, and that the products of mines and farms and highways shall be sold at a small profit and the profits used for paying off the former owners. It was further proposed that the books of the makers of goods, the great bakers, meat packers, garment makers, metal workers and all the rest shall at all times be open to the public and a special court shall be empowered to regulate the prices at which goods may be sold to the people.

**How the producers  
and non-producers  
consolidated, and  
how the tribula-  
tions of Newville  
came to an end.**

and final struggle ensued between the producers and the non-producers. The former having much influence among the councilmen, no laws were made that might harm the producers, and many years went by. But the people were determined to have their way, and began to threaten the councilmen with bodily injuries if they would not obey the will of the masses. At last the will of the people was done.

And the city bought not only the natural treasures, the fields and highways, but gradually also the shops of the makers of goods. "For," said the shop owners, "if the people may decide at what prices we shall sell our goods, while we have all the responsibilities and risks, then the people may as well make the goods themselves." And one

by one they sold out to the city, and the city in due time furnished the people with all the necessities of life:—with food and garments and houses, for little money, and the people were happy. And as the treasury was full to overflowing the public money was used for the free education of the city's youth, and the great mass of the unemployed were given work in deepening the rivers and canals for better navigation, in irrigating arid lands and in restocking depleted forests. Ships were built in which to carry surplus goods to foreign markets, and men-of-war to ward off unfriendly and envious neighbors who might covet Newville's wealth, and there were monuments to the great men who by patriotic deeds and statesmanship had helped to make the city great, and beautiful temples and showhouses were erected for the use of the people. Fabulous riches were piled up and the beauty and wealth of Newville excited the admiration of all mankind.

## OLD BAR A

### THE COWBOY'S "MANDALAY"

(WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. KIPLING)

By Jessie M. Whittaker

DENTON, TEXAS

OUT beyond the crooked Brazos, where the world is big an' free,  
There's a mustang pony roamin' that I know remembers me;  
For the mesquite trees they whisper, an' the prairie winds they say:  
"Come you back, you Texas cowboy, come you back to Ranch Bar A."  
Come you back to big Bar A,  
Where the old gang used to stay;  
Can't you hear their spurs a-clinkin' round the corrals at Bar A?  
In the corrals at Bar A,  
Where the flyin' lassos play,  
Till the sun rolls off the prairie down the canons of Jose.

His temper wasn't pretty and his eye it looked like sin,  
 An' his name was Little Tophet—fit him, too, just like the skin;  
 An' I seen him first aspirin' to the skies with two hind feet,  
 Harborin' the strange delusion that a cowboy's made to eat.

An' right there, I says: "We'll see  
 Which is boss here, him or me.

'Twasn't much he cared for buckin' at the end of that melee  
 In the corral at Bar A.

When the flowers was bloomin' stirrup-high as far as you could see;  
 (An' I reckon Heav'n ain't sweeter than a Texas May can be),  
 I'd get his Spanish saddle, an' I'd whistle soft an' low,  
 An' we'd saunter 'cross the prairie, while the East begun to glow;  
     Watch the stars a-fadin' slow,  
     An' the wolves a-skulkin' low,  
 An' the creaky windmills waitin' for a breeze to wake and blow  
     Down the range to old Bar A.

But them rovin' days are over—oh, my heart, how far away!  
 An' there ain't no trails meanderin' from the Hub to old Bar A;  
 An' I'm learkin' here in Boston what the old-time cowboy tells:  
 "If you've heard the West a-callin', why, you won't hear nothin' else."  
     No, you won't want nothin' else  
     But them cedar camp-fire smells,  
 An' the South wind playin' fairy tunes upon the yucca bells,  
     'Long the trail to old Bar A.

I'm sick of parks and libr'ies and of symphonies an' art,  
 An' this talkin' out of grammars is a-shrivelin' my heart.  
 An' this horse I ride out mornin's, where the green things stay in rows,  
 Would he know a steer, I wonder, any further than his nose?  
     Oh, he's pedigreed, I s'pose,  
     An' he does the best he knows,  
 But for ridin' give me Tophet an' some proper feelin' clothes  
     On the range at old Bar A.

Send me back beyond the Brazos, where there ain't this culture thirst,  
 Where there ain't these Social Questions an' the last man's good as first;  
 For the prairie winds are callin', an' it's there that I would be,  
 On the Llano Estacado, where the world is big an' free.  
     On the range at big Bar A,  
     Where the old gang used to stay,  
 Swappin' yarns an' brandin' yearlin's at the round-ups on Bar A:  
     On the range at Ranch Bar A,  
     Where the flying' lassos play,  
 An' the sun rolls off the prairie down the canons of Jose.



Drawn by M. L. Blumenthal

*"Daniel," said Roger Croft, "you leave my home tonight."*

# The Salt of the Earth



By Edwin Carlile Litsey

Author of "The Love Story of Abner Stone"

LEBANON, KENTUCKY

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

## I

### THE BANISHMENT

**O**LD ROGER CROFT was a good and a just man. He was as much respected and looked up to as the parish priest, or either of the four Protestant ministers in Mossdale. He had attained this high place in the esteem—not to say affection—of his townsmen by living a circumspect and honorable life, by attending strictly to his own business, and by lending a helping hand and giving a cheery word whenever distress called or misfortune gloomed. Mossdale possessed between three thousand and four thousand inhabitants, one main street upon which business houses glared across at each other during the day and slept peacefully side by side at night, and a number of other streets comprising the resident portion of the town. The home of Roger Croft was rather far out from the court house—which marked the exact center of Mossdale—and near the suburbs. It was only a one-storey structure of brick, but it was many roomed and spreading. The grounds were spacious and well kept, and the garden in the rear was devoted more to the cultivation of beautiful flowers than to the raising of cabbages and potatoes. For Roger

Croft was a nature lover, and a goodly portion of his seventy-five years had been spent outdoors. He almost knew the number of corrugations in the bark on the trunks of his oaks and his elms; he could tell within a day when the maples would put forth their buds in March; and when the double row of crocuses before his library window thrust their shy heads through the grass to peep at him almost before the snow had left, he would smile, lay down his book and thank God for Spring. The townspeople loved Roger Croft, and when a grave trouble began to threaten him they sorrowed in their hearts and talked in low tones together, but they could not help him.

The kindly, yet dignified master of Ivy Lodge was, as we have said, a devotee of nature. He loved the perfect works of the Creator with the intensity of a deep and calm temperament. To him a blossoming bed of flowers was a symphony, and the chant of the storm wind in the thick woods the notes of a mighty harp attuned to celestial harmony. He had studied the secrets of the universe in his garden, in the fields and in the woodlands, and by the running brooks and in the green pastures. He had striven for knowledge manfully. He had sought, and he had found. He had knocked and the doors which had seemed to be hermetically sealed were opened. So for many years he lived alone, going forth in the morning and in the afternoon, and coming back to the easy chair by his fireside to rest and read. At forty-five he had met, loved and married a woman of refinement and culture. Five years later a child was given to them. It was then he was called upon to endure the supremest pang of human existence. Upon that eternal current which forever runs toward a hidden shore she was borne out of his life, leaving it empty, aching, paralyzed. The last promise he made her was to bring up her infant son in the ways of manliness and honor. The years fled. Time, with its magic touch, blunted the throbbing pain in the heart of the stricken man. He did not forget; he never ceased to suffer, but the manifold duties toward his growing boy demanded his time and his unremitting care, and in this way his fearful affliction was in some measure overshadowed. The babe became a child; the child a youth, straight-limbed, active and supple. By some strange chance Roger Croft did not seek to educate him along the lines which had shaped and governed his own life. He did not take him by the hand and lead him along the secluded paths where fairy voices might whisper their lures into his ears. He did not make him sit down at the foot of a willow drooping over the water, place a book in his hand and bid him read a while, and then stop and study the inanimate but eloquent things about him. It is true he introduced his son to his large library when he was of a suitable age, and suggested and directed his reading.

The father made the mistake which thousands of other fathers have made. He himself had been a dreamer, a recluse, a drone, perhaps. But for his son he had ambitions. Daniel had a good mind and a good presence. Why might he not rise high in the law? College days came, and after a while letters asking for money, money, more money. Roger Croft sent more than enough for the boy's expenses and legitimate pleasures, and finally, becoming alarmed, he resolved to write for him to come home. As he was inditing the letter with many misgivings, the front door of the house was opened and Daniel stood before him. He had been expelled.

The gentle old man bore the shame and the ignominy silently, and after that first night he never spoke to his son on the subject again. The young man refused to try another school. He would work, if congenial employment could be found in Mossdale, but he had no ambition and no aspiration, and his father had

money in plenty. So Roger Croft went into the business houses one by one, seeking a place for his boy. Strange that every position was filled, everywhere, even down to the janitor's. Everyone to whom he spoke was kind, and expressed their regret that they could not help him; but when he laboriously climbed the slanting street to Ivy Lodge the consciousness was forcibly borne in upon him that his boy—her son—was a failure on the threshold of life.

Though of studious habits, and holding himself far away from the world, Roger was not blind to the faults and the sins of the world. For instance, he knew that exercise reddened the face in one way, and that wine reddened it in another. When he entered a room Daniel had just left and smelled that peculiar, indescribable odor which permeated the atmosphere, he knew quite well that it was caused by a breath tainted with stale whiskey. When, at breakfast, he saw dishevelled hair carelessly combed; a haggard, lined face and bloodshot eyes, he knew that Daniel had been making a night of it, most probably at the gaming table. And matters grew worse and worse. Roger was at a loss to know where the boy obtained money to indulge his many vices. He supplied him with the necessities of life and a small sum weekly for tobacco, but these weekly allowances did not last an hour. His son—her son—was gaming.

One morning, quite early, as Roger was walking in his garden with furrowed brow and bent head, wandering in that mental labyrinth of inextricable incident and calamity, a red-faced, portly man opened the gate and came toward him.

"Good morning, sir," said Roger, courteously touching the rim of his hat.

"Good morning, Mr. Croft," returned the stranger, then resumed, hurriedly and confusedly: "Your son has been working for me for the past two weeks. I don't know whether you know it or not, but he has. Last night when I left the house at eleven there was twenty dollars in the drawer. This morning it's gone, but all the doors were locked. I've missed small amounts before, but I never said anything about it, because I'd hate to give you trouble. But twenty dollars is too much. I must have it back, or—or—"

"Have Daniel arrested. Yes.—Where is your place of business?"

"The Railroad Saloon. Dan was my barkeeper, and —"

"Yes—yes; come to the house with me and I will return your money."

With a face as white as the gray locks falling about it, Roger Croft turned and led the way. The man received his money with many assurances that the matter would go no further, and Roger, going to a small inner room, knelt by a window facing the West and hiding his worn face in his wrinkled hands sobbed like a heart-broken woman. To this window, in this room, he and she had so often come to watch the sunset together, and some of the rarest and most precious moments of his life had passed as they stood, each arm-encircled, and beheld the glory in the West give place to gentle shadow, like the breast of a brooding dove. For many years now he had come alone to the window, and was it all fancy when, in the magical twilight, he thought he felt a hand touch his? This was his sanctuary, his confessional, his earthly holy of holies. Here he came to think of her, to dream of her, and commune with her in spirit. And here, in the extremity of this last appalling grief and shame, he had come to pour forth his tears and to pray that she might search his heart, and know that he was not to blame.

He did not go to breakfast. He did not leave that small room crowded with sacred and treasured memories until past midday. When his outraged mind had, in a way, become conscious of the deep degradation which had been thrust upon his name, Roger sat down and stared stonily before him for many minutes. For

the sake of his promise to the boy's mother, he had borne with Daniel as long as he could. The knowledge which he had gained that morning overtopped the balance of forbearance. The son of his loins was selling liquor in a low bar room, and was guilty of petty theft! He writhed in pain of mind and groaned outright. That act had marked the limit of parental charity. All morning he sat and thought, and in the afternoon he walked in his garden and thought again. But his beloved roses were like great clots of blood; the lilies reminded him of death. The joy of living and the joy of life had, for the time, ceased. As the shadows of the trees began to lengthen, and then to blur, Roger made his decision, and it was immutable.

At supper Daniel was sober, or nearly so. The meal was eaten in silence. At its close Roger Croft arose and spoke huskily.

"Daniel, come to the library when you have finished."

The young man pushed back his plate half sullenly, got up and followed his father without a word. Roger quietly sat down in his favorite chair, and Daniel carelessly flung himself into another. Here was, in truth, a defiled temple; a noble work self-marred. His frame was well molded, broad of shoulder and deep of chest. The contour of his face was square; the mouth large and good, the chin firm. His eyes, which his Maker had given him gray and serene, were muddy and watery, and the whites were streaked with gorged veins. Heavy shadows lay beneath each one. There was a half-healed bruise upon the bridge of his nose. His low, broad forehead was white with a sickly, unnatural pallor, and damp strands of unkempt, chestnut hair fell over it. His cheeks were flaccid, sallow, unhealthy, and were beginning to pouch. His air was one of discomfort, and he seemed restless and out of place. His father looked at him for some time, pityingly. Her son! Yes, for her features were reflected in the face before him, albeit it was gross, bestial and stamped with vice.

"Daniel," said Roger Croft, slightly raising his voice as he noticed that it trembled on the first word,—“you leave my home tonight.”

The face of the culprit blanched in sudden fear, but he did not lift his eyes from the floor and he did not open his lips in answer. The old man went on, although each word he spoke was like the thrust of a knife in his own heart.

"If God had spared your mother, I do not believe this would have come to pass. But it was His will that she should go. I promised her that I would devote my life to rearing you in the ways of good conduct and honest endeavor. Eyen you cannot say that I have not tried. If I have been at fault, the fault has been leniency and over-indulgence. I cannot fathom the reason for your conduct. Your mother was noble, and true, and sweet, and good. My own days, though unmarked by any great deed, have been one long striving after the simple life—the white life, and you know that my name is respected, and that there is not the faintest cloud upon it. It cannot be the seeds of unworthy ancestors springing up to bear bitter fruit in you. I had thought my work well done when you went away to college. 'As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined.' What sudden storm swept over you and turned your feet from the way in which I had placed them, I don't know. My thoughtful care and my nightly prayers and daily watchfulness have come to nothing. You have disgraced me—disgraced me and disgraced your mother's memory!"

Still the younger man was silent. His legs were outstretched and his feet were crossed; his hands were thrust deep into the pockets of his trousers and his chin was sunk low upon his breast. He did not move, and he could not raise his eyes. A faint glimmer of shame was stirring somewhere deep within him, for his temples

were tinged and the strong muscles in his jaws were working. His father resumed:

"I bore the disappointment of your expulsion from college, although that was a blow for which I was altogether unprepared. But your explanation showed some mitigating circumstances, and I forgave you and offered you any opportunity which you might name. I have known for many weeks that you have been drinking—recently I have thought that you must be gaming. Last night you became a thief! From a bartender in the most disreputable den in Mossdale, Daniel Croft, my son, my only son, has become a thief. This morning your employer came to me and told me the shameful story to my face, suggesting your arrest and imprisonment if the money you had taken was not forthcoming. I paid it to him, but—Daniel, this is the end. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"No, sir."

Still the head was sunk and the eyes were down, and the monosyllables were forced from between clenched teeth.

"You must leave my home tonight. It is the only hope for your redemption, and if I did not love you still with a yearning, unfathomable love I would let you stay. But you must go. Now listen to my parting words, and sink them in your memory so deep that time cannot wrest them from you. My life has been spent as close to God as I believe a sinful mortal man can come. I have sought Him in the unfolding petals of the rose, in the yellow heart of the jonquil, in the sap-charged bark of the awakening trees, in the low zephyr and in the furious gale. I have sought Him in the music of flowing water, in the pure moonlight and in the black night. I have sought Him in the dewy morning, and yet again in the early evening when the first stars were beginning to shine. Outdoors is where God is, and where He is there also is knowledge and peace and much joy. I send you from my home tonight with this to aid you, if you would come back to me, before death claims me, and gladden my last days. Live with nature and live in nature. She made my own life as peaceful and serene as one of her own meadows flashing in the sunshine of Spring. There you will find the secret of life and there you will find strength for your every need."

Roger Croft arose and walked slowly to a heavy desk in one corner. Coming back, he bent and thrust a wallet into his son's waistcoat pocket.

"Here is one hundred dollars. You must earn what else you need. This is only to keep you from want and help you from place to place. Do not tarry in Mossdale a single day—a single hour. Will you promise?"

Quite suddenly the younger man arose. He towered above his father nearly a foot.

"I'll leave Mossdale tonight," he said.

"Goodbye, my boy. Write to me, and may the God of mercy be with you in the hour of temptation."

In this manner Daniel Croft left his father's roof.

## II

### THE MIRACLE OF MORNING

It was early morning in the country. It was early morning at the square, comfortably built farm house of Joshua Delford. So early, indeed, that the stars still shone, brighter than ever in the last hour of the night. The season was early

Summer. The huge yard, which stretched from the pike down to the low, wooden step before the old-fashioned portico, was covered as with a pall of black velvet. Here the grass grew green and luxuriant, starred with dandelions and an occasional wild-eyed daisy. A group of locust trees stood near the western corner of the building; next to them was a wild goose-plum thicket, wherein the plums still hung green. Marshalled in front of the locusts was a row of bee hives, with the tiny, banded workers still asleep.

Rising at irregular intervals and without regard to symmetry, a number of forest trees—oak, ash and maple, for the most part—appeared like cloaked and plumed specters of the gloom. To the right of the house, where the yard dipped down, were pear, peach and damson trees, each holding its cool, dewy burden of unripe fruit. In a solitary locust tree at the rear of the house, a number of humped, quiescent forms squatted upon the limbs. Some of these forms were large and some were small, for the turkey is always generous enough to share his roost with chanticleer and his matronly harem. Nothing was stirring; nothing seemed to be alive. It was that supreme moment just before the earth trembled an answer to the message of the dawn star.

Then suddenly there was a quickening, as it were, throughout the universe which night encompassed. A gentle moving; a subtle stirring. The mighty miracle of day was on the eve of being enacted. As yet there was no change perceptible to the eye. Still the stars twinkled as though they could never be dimmed, and still the heavy night covered like billows of sable the earth and the things thereof. Why does the cock crow at midnight, and why does he crow at dawn? One of the inert figures in the tree moved sleepily. There was the flick of a wing—a rigor down the back. Then a startled head leaped out from the ruff of neck feathers and poked ludicrously and inquiringly this way and that. The scaly talons ungripped and gripped again for a securer hold; the body arose, the neck arched, and a clear, piercing cawion call went forth, proclaiming that morning was at hand. A startled gobble came from another point in the tree, then presently the herald had his answer, a counterpart of his own cry coming from the direction of the barn. Back and forth the calls were hurled, summoning the laggard from his couch by their imperative tones. Then after a while, from far in the distance, the same notes drifted like a dying echo. In the remote East a faint glow showed, like the segment of a circle. From palest blue the sky became streaked with crimson. Before the power of those spears of light, hurled from below the horizon with increasing speed and might, the stars quivered and died. Objects about the farm house became misty and seemed to sway and writhe as though uncertain of their location.

A door in an ell built to the rear of the house opened and Joshua Delford came out upon the long porch, putting his second suspender over his shoulder as he closed the door behind him. Walking to a low, home-made table upon which sat a cedar bucket full of water and a tin washpan, he took down a gourd dipper from a nail on a post and drank long and deep. Then, pouring some water into the washpan, he quickly performed his simple ablutions, spluttering noisily as he dashed the cool water upon his face by handfuls. The use of a linen towel, made from flax of his own growing and spun by his wife upon her spinning wheel, completed his morning toilet. The porch was surrounded by a railing nearly waist high, the exit being through a gate at the southern corner next to the house. To this gate the master now walked, and resting one horny hand upon the low post—a hand cracked, seamed, hairy and strong—he sent a stentorian call across the space intervening

between him and a negro cabin about forty feet away. His summons gained immediate response, and having thus roused his head black man, he stood for a moment to note the condition of the weather, for his wheat was ripe to falling and he had set this day to begin the harvest.

Joshua Delford was getting along in years. He was of medium height and inclined to corpulency, despite the active life he had always led; first from necessity—for he had made himself—and later from choice, because the habits of a lifetime could not be put off when he reached that point where it was possible for him to take his ease. He had a great shock of hair, almost white, and this he worried very little with comb and brush. More often he would harrow his fingers through it once or twice, thrust it back with the palm of his hand, and let it go. He wore a full beard, heavily grayed, and this he kept trimmed to a length of two or three inches. His eyes were brown and kindly, his nose large and rubicund, and his cheeks showed through the encroaching whiskers like some of his own garnered pippins, which he stored away every Fall for Winter use. He wore broad shoes, partly laced, and a shirt made of coarse white cotton, open at the neck. He was a perfect type of the prosperous farmer of two generations ago.

Satisfied that the day was dawning propitiously, he turned about to go indoors again and rouse the female portion of the household. This consisted of Amanda, his wife, Janet, his old maid daughter, and Madeline Delford, the only daughter of his only living brother, who years before had been possessed of the fever of ambition and adventure, and had gone to the city with nothing but his two hands, a good mind, indomitable purpose and ten dollars in cash, wherewith to achieve fortune. He had achieved it, as almost anyone possessed of these first three attributes will.

Outdoors, that world-old, common, yet ever new and ever mysterious miracle of day was going on. The air was palpitating with new-given life. Down the long plank extending from the ground to the first fork of the locust tree—a plank with narrow wooden strips nailed across it where clutching toes might find support—shadowy shapes came gingerly, moving with trepidation and extreme care. By the aid of balancing wings, most of them made the descent successfully, but at times there was a slip and a muffled flapping to tell that one had lost his equilibrium. The turkeys were the most timid, stopping at every step to scrutinize the next one. Chanticleer, red-combed, be-wattled and proud, displayed his superior prowess and ability by flying from his roost to the ground and capturing a beetle which the coming light had startled into temporary inactivity. By the picket fence inclosing the garden rose the martin-pole, like a phantom finger, its top crowned by a home for these tiny free-lances of the air. Already they were out, for they rise early, and were circling around in the balmy atmosphere with twitters of delight, or sitting very primly on the comb of their house, preening a feather into place which their night's rest had disturbed. And all the time the light grew. The sky had responded to the touch of the Great Magician. New colors had glowed upon that background of infinity; had shone, paled and disappeared. As the tide of an overflow hides and submerges the forget-me-nots in a meadow, so the glorious flood of light had rolled in overpowering waves up the high spaces of the firmament, and had put out the stars one by one. In the deeper hollows and in the denser wood night still lingered, clinging with somber caress to the things which it had embosomed for the last eight hours. Driven steadily backward by its stronger enemy, it held on tenaciously, withdrawing its ebon arms reluctantly from around the bodies of the great trees which it had enfolded and fondled, loosening its dusky

fingers from the twining tresses of the ferns, and lifting its closely held lips from its long kiss on the surfaces of the spreading pool and the slowly moving stream. Then all at once a huge red rim, radiating numberless shafts of light, was thrust above the horizon's edge.

The miracle was accomplished.

### III

#### THE NEW OVERSEER

While the air was yet heavy with the faint suggestion of many perfumes, drawn alike from blossom and leaf by that sorceress, Night, the day's work was shaping on the Delford farm. Joshua had purchased a wheat harvester, the first of the kind in the neighborhood, and it was to be given its first trial that morning. The machine, if satisfactory, would minimize labor. Its purpose was to cut and drop the grain automatically, thus doing away with the army of scythe men who hitherto had performed this work. The tyers would follow behind it, binding the fallen grain into bundles with a quick wrapping, using a slim handful of the wheat stalks for this purpose, and making the whole fast by a cunning knot. The machine looked complicated enough with its cogs and chains and shining gear, but it was guaranteed to do the work claimed for it, and Joshua had faith that it would.

In an open space in front of the barn lot sat the harvester, Joshua examining it with minute care and prodding at every hole visible in the machinery with an oil can. To the jingling of iron trace chains, a mule and a horse were led up and given their respective places on either side of the tongue. The mule was old but still servicable and strong. He was graying about his muzzle, his teeth were yellow, there was a galled spot on one of his withers where the collar had rubbed, and there were long, black, hard places on his ribs which the traces had calloused. He took his place with the precision and accuracy of a show horse, and awaited the word to pull. Such had been his life since that day long ago when his strength had been tamed and forced into obedience. The horse was young, high-headed, curly-maned, powerful. A glance would have shown that he was new to the harness. He looked askance and with dilated eyes at the strange thing as he was led by it to his post, trembling a bit and snorting a trace of fear. Joshua was tightening a tap which he had discovered in danger of falling off, and the black man was adjusting the hame-strings under the mule's neck as Brewster, the overseer, got the young horse into the proper position with difficulty. It was quite evident the animal was becoming panic-stricken, but the overseer, a rough, brutal-looking fellow, gave the horse a sharp blow on the nose with his fist, then walked back and bent down to fasten the off trace. There came a shivering plunge, a kick, a snap like the breaking of a piece of seasoned oak, and a fearful curse followed by a groan of agony. There stood the frightened animal dancing on all four feet, and there lay Brewster his length away, with one leg broken just below the knee.

Joshua Delford did not swear; he was too much of a man for that. But this was a heavy blow to him and to the crops. Overseers were scarce as scarce could be, and in another week his wheat would be ruined. He could not see to the harvest in person, and the rest of his help were black men. His neighbors were busy in their respective fields, and he could not go to them to borrow a hand. As he stood helpless and dumbfounded for a moment, with Brewster groaning at his feet and the darky trying to calm the horse, he heard a strange voice, quiet but clear, say:

"Has there been an accident? Can I help you?"

Joshua turned quickly and dashed back the straw hat whose rim flapped over his eyes. The tall, well-made figure of a man stood before him. A man perhaps nearing thirty, with a clean-shaven face from which looked out a pair of remarkably steady gray eyes. The man had on corduroy trousers, soiled and misshapen by wear, a dark blue flannel shirt and the slouching straw hat which was more in evidence than any other. A bandana kerchief was knotted closely about his throat. He stood in an easy attitude, but there was the look of latent strength about him which the shrewd eye of Joshua caught, for while he had been living his many years he had come to know men and horses.

"Mornin', sir," returned Joshua. "You've caught me in a purty pickle. Down yonder in that bottom"—he waved his hand toward the south—"is as fine a piece of wheat as ever come up, an' two more days 'll find it flat. It's dead ripe an' the heads are droopin'. Yonder's my overseer"—he pointed at the prostrate figure on the ground—"with his leg broke, I reck'n, from a kick this colt give 'im!"

"Wouldn't it be very well to get the gentleman to bed, and send for a doctor?"

"Lord bless me! I forgot about that!"

Brewster was trying to sit up, but he could get no further than his elbow.

The stranger walked to him and took hold of him under his armpits.

"Mr. Delford, can you handle his legs? I'll take most of the weight."

A few moments later they were bearing the wounded man to the house. The overseer's quarter's were in a neat frame cottage set a short distance from the negro cabin. Here the two men carried him, and placed him upon his bed. He was suffering miserably, for the fracture was a bad one. While Joshua went for some of "the women," the stranger gently and deftly removed Brewster's clothing and drew a quilt over him. When this was done Joshua returned with his wife and Madeline Delford—Janet had nerves, and was easily thrown into hysterics—but it was little they could do save put hot bandages upon the broken limb. A negro boy was despatched for the doctor, and then things came to a standstill. The stranger had retired to the further side of the room when he heard the farmer returning with the ladies. Mrs. Delford did not differ from the common type. She was kindly of face, bustling, and seemed markedly younger than her consort. When Madeline Delford came in the stranger's eyes widened just the least bit. Here was an alien to the farm, and to the humdrum life of a tiller of the soil. Her dress was simple, but her bearing, her carriage, her figure, her slightest motion bespoke refinement and became the expression of a rare and exquisite culture. The stranger slipped outside and stood waiting for the appearance of the master, a feeling which was neither pleasure nor pain throbbing in his heart.

"Mandy an' Mad'line 'll stay with him till the doctor comes," said Joshua, hurrying out a few moments later, "an' minutes are dollars right now on this plantation. I'm too old to do it, but I'll have to go down to that wheat field."

"No you won't, Mr. Delford."

"Then what am I to do? I tell you the wheat 'll rot in a week!"

"I should be glad to accept the position of your overseer."

"It's a bargain! What's your name, an' where'd you come from?"

"My name is Daniel, John Daniel. I've worked all over a half dozen counties within the past two years. I've never been discharged. I do not stay anywhere long, but I promise to stay with you until your man gets upon his feet."

"I'm not exactly in a position to argy with you, but I s'pose you understand your business?"

"Yes; I don't think you will have cause to complain of my incompetency."

A subtle gleam shot into the old man's eyes.

"You saw what that colt did to Brewster?"

"Yes."

"Are you 'fraid to hitch 'im up?"

"No."

"Come on. You're my overseer for the next three months, an' maybe longer."

Together they strode to the scene of the accident, Joshua discoursing volubly on the magnificent crop which had been placed in jeopardy; the new comer unusually silent and reserved. The negro had succeeded in quieting the frightened horse, and this had been accomplished simply by turning the animal so that he could see the object which had scared him, and allowing him to gaze at it until his curiosity was satisfied. Daniel went straight up to the brute and placed a firm but caressing hand upon his muzzle. He smoothed out a few tangles in the mane, rubbed his palm down the satin-like throat once or twice, then led the horse to his place and hitched him up, moving without hesitancy and without the slightest semblance of fear about those murderous hind hoofs. But the horse did not move, and so it happened that within half an hour after Brewster was laid up with a broken leg another man climbed to his seat on the new machine, and, the darky going in front to show the way, they moved in a circuitous route to the river bottom field of golden grain.

At the edge of the field another mule was added to the team, and when this was done Joshua arrived, mounted on his favorite mare, to see that everything started off right and to watch the work of the new machine. The field was a very large one, fully half a mile long by a quarter broad, and in the bright morning sun it seemed like a veritable sea of gold. Gentle ripples passed over its shining surface; soft undulations which almost dazzled the eye. After a few brief instructions from Mr. Delford, directed more to the corps of negro laborers than to the new overseer, the machine started with rattle and clash, and the day's work was begun. To the full length of the field Daniel went, adroitly turning the corner, there to proceed at a right angle and ultimately to encompass the entire field. Working with beautiful precision, the harvester cut and gathered the yellow treasure which the earth had given up, held it for a time, and then gently laid it in neat, loose fashion upon the ground. Daniel, his feet braced, his brown, sinewy hands grasping the lines firmly, drove steadily along. Carefully he guided the clattering, cumbersome thing upon which he sat, watching the saw-like blade dart back and forth, watching the tender stalks shudder and leap up as a warrior might when stricken to the death in battle, and turning at times to view the bristly path of stubble in his wake. After him came the negro tyers, light-hearted and rollicking, gathering in their brawny arms the fallen sheaves, wrapping some pliant withes about them, making a knot with sly twist of finger and thumb, and striding on with careless feet to where the next lay waiting.

The sun mounted higher, and its rays fell like darts of fire upon the broad back of the driver. But he was insensible to their power. The ready perspiration started from each pore, and presently every thread in his shirt was damp, and moisture ran from his forehead to his eyes and dropped from his chin. Two years ago this would have killed him; he would have fallen to the ground from sunstroke. But now he was seasoned; the sun was his friend. Occasionally, through the great forest of tiny-columned grain, he would see a flower a-bloom and content though submerged. Had there been a way of going around he would have taken it, for

flowers had their share in his reclaimed manhood; but to go straight forward was his duty, so he would shut his eyes as the cruel teeth of the destroying blade drew near the flower, and would not witness the slaughter of an innocent. Once he did stop, just across from where Joshua Delford sat watching him, and instantly the bellowing voice of the farmer called out to know if anything was wrong. The truth was, a young rabbit, confused and frightened by the unusual din, had at last darted just in front of the blade and sat there, dazed. Daniel pulled his horse and his mules up until the little thing could scamper out of the way.

When the vertical rays of the sun became almost blinding in their intensity, a welcome sound was heard in the harvest field. It was the farm bell calling the toilers to dinner.

On the vine-shaded side porch Daniel washed the perspiration from his hands, face and neck, then called Joshua Delford aside.

"Where do your hired men eat?" he asked.

"The niggers eat on the kitchen porch, an' my overseer eats with me," replied Joshua.

Daniel hesitated.

"I'd rather eat alone," he said at last, "but I won't ask you to go to that trouble."

"Walk in; walk in," answered his employer, somewhat testily, "an' I'll make you 'quainted with the women folks."

It was an uncommon sight to see a farm hand make the bow of polite society in the dining room at Joshua Delford's. Mrs. Delford and Janet paid no especial heed to it—it meant nothing to them, but a half frown of wonder passed over the face of Madeline. The long table was richly laden with all the good things which can be found nowhere else in the world except upon a country table, and a young negress stood to one side with a long-handled fly brush, which she wielded dextrously and with good effect. The fly brush consisted of a newspaper folded once and sewed around the end of a piece of bamboo, then slit with a pair of scissors into strips about an inch wide. The new man ate silently and with bowed head, speaking only when compelled to accept or decline a proffered dish, and then his tones were low, courteous and polished. Madeline Delford could not hold her gaze from him. It is true her glances were surreptitious, but again and again her deep brown eyes swept his face, his wonderfully fine shoulders, and even the shapely hands which work had not disfigured, and the perfectly kept nails.

Soon after dinner work in the wheat was resumed, and not until the encroaching shadows announced the approach of night did the clank and the rattle of the harvester cease.

"Janet," said Madeline, as the two sat in their room that night to read a chapter in the Bible before going to bed. "Janet, I believe uncle's new overseer is a prince in disguise."

#### IV

#### THE GLIMMER OF THE DAWN

At his request, John Daniel was given quarters in the cottage with the sick man. This building had two rooms and only one bed, but the overseer insisted that he should take the vacant room, and provided himself with a rude bunk which he said would be sufficient for his comfort. Another reason that he brought to bear

was that Brewster would need attention and some nursing, and that this was a man's task, and he was going to take it. Old Joshua ranted around and declared that no man could sit up all night and work all day, and that he didn't want two men sick on his hands, but Daniel allayed his fears somewhat by saying he thought he knew his own powers very well, and that he would promise not to over-tax them. Should he discover that he was attempting too much, he would share his vigils with someone else. So he had his way.

The country practitioner who attended Brewster set the broken bone and put the leg in splints, stated that the patient must not touch the floor with his foot for two months, left some medicine and some instructions in regard to diet, and departed.

Daniel found his task more arduous than he anticipated. Physical labor, combined with perfect physical health, calls imperatively for physical rest. The wheat was cut and shocked the first week of his arrival; the stacking would follow the next week. When he had smoked two pipesful of natural leaf tobacco after supper Daniel was ready to go to bed. He had followed this course conscientiously through many months of rigorous training, and it had helped in the recuperation of his shattered strength more than anything else. But now his self-imposed duty intervened. Brewster was not a heroic man. The slow knitting of the fracture was exceedingly painful, and he groaned and tossed and cursed by turns. He could not bear suffering silently. Daniel had to watch him almost as he would have watched an infant. Only along toward morning, when he was pretty well exhausted and worn out, did Brewster sleep. Then the watcher would fling himself down on his bunk, and gain an all too brief repose.

But he never shirked his work and he never lagged while accomplishing it. He seemed tireless, and would, by example, incite the men under him to greater effort. Thus in some subtle way matters on the farm got in better shape than they had been under Brewster's administration—than they had been for many a day. Fences were mended, roads were improved, useless bushes and underbrush were grubbed up, sagging gutters were made tight, and a thousand and one things attended to which for years had gone undone. During these first days Daniel worked feverishly. His loss of sleep, coupled to his daily labor, began to tell upon him, but he would not admit it even to himself, and worked the harder in order that he might forget it. One of the new rules which he had adopted was never to give up a thing which he had once begun, and so he clung doggedly to the herculean task which he had laid upon himself.

It was in the beginning of the second week of the new overseer's coming—on Monday, in fact—that something happened which set the current of his life running in an entirely new and unexpected channel. It was county court day, and quite early that morning Joshua had his ancient but highly respectable rockaway brought out and a gentle but speedy horse put to it. It would have been a sin against all the established usages of his forefathers to miss going to Springfield on county court day. For it was on this day, coming once a month, that friends and acquaintances from all parts of the county met at a common point to rub shoulders, clasp hands, swap old jokes, make trades, and, perchance, visit the bank.

Sunday night Brewster had slept very well, and as a consequence Daniel was feeling fresher and more vigorous than he had for several days. The work of wheat stacking was to go forward that morning, but a broken swivel-tree had caused about an hour's delay, during which time, by the aid of vise and drawing-knife, Daniel fashioned another from a piece of seasoned hickory. It was about the

moment when this task was finished that the big gate leading onto the pike clanged and the sound of a running horse's feet were heard. Hastening forward in some alarm, Daniel and his helpers received the unwelcome news that the woods pasture a half mile northeast of the house was on fire. The trees were threatened, also the rail fencing. Daniel had not seen Joshua depart, but he knew that he was gone, and the responsibility of protecting his employer's property immediately devolved on him. Without a moment's hesitation, he called the negroes and started on a run for the scene of the fire. It was reached quickly, and the task which presented itself was discouraging. Part of the wood was in pasture and part was uncleared, a mass of brambles and broken limbs and dead leaves and lifeless vegetation. It was here that the fire was raging. Either some miscreant had lighted it maliciously, or else a careless fellow had dropped a match among the tinder. The blaze was momentarily growing more formidable. There was no water to be had near, so green bushes were hastily cut, and armed with these the men attacked the climbing, spreading flames. It was hot work fighting fire on a June morning. A new rail fence had recently been laid through this part of the pasture, and toward it the fire was trending. Daniel lined his squad up in its path and gave battle furiously. Whirling fumes of heat-laden smoke dashed in their faces, blinding and strangling them. Yellow, serpentine flashes darted at them viciously, curling along the bushes they held and lapping at their bare hands. Cinders and burning leaves fell upon their heads and brushed, biting, against their necks. A rising wind made the work all the more hazardous and trying. Daniel stood slightly in advance of the black men, taking the brunt of the danger. But for him, the negroes would have thrown down their weapons and given up. With such courage before their eyes, they were ashamed to waver, and fought on, ducking their heads to the onslaught of the flame and smoke and laying about them desperately. Most of the day the brave little band labored and rested by turns. Just before sundown the fight ended, and they were the victors. The blacks were sorely fagged and their eyes showed red through the grime on their faces. Daniel's clothing was burned in a score of places, while his left hand was burned and blistered badly. The stacking of the wheat had been set back, but the day had not been wasted. Calling his exhausted forces and commending them briefly for their conduct, Daniel set his face homeward. As they climbed over the plank fence enclosing the yard, Daniel saw a woman sitting on the portico, sewing. Mrs. Delford would doubtless be glad to give him some oil and an old cloth with which to annoint and bind up his hurt. The darkies shuffled to the rear to rest, and the white man stalked up to the portico, holding his left hand in his right. Madeline Delford looked up from the low rocking chair in which she was sitting as his foot pressed the step. She gave a slight start, then a flood of color suffused her face. Daniel, looking at her in undisguised surprise, realized all at once that she was very beautiful. He removed his hat quite deferentially — his old straw hat, torn and discolored — and said in his low, full tones:

"Pardon me, I thought you were Mrs. Delford."

The young lady arose quietly, holding her sewing in her hand. She was of medium height, exquisitely proportioned, and possessed a wealth of jet-black, curling hair, parted in the middle and drawn loosely back and coiled at the nape of her neck. She answered with a slight smile:

"I did not know we resembled each other so much as that. Aunty is — fifty."

The man could not suppress the look of involuntary amusement which crept to his eyes.

"I saw you from the road," he explained, his face immediately relapsing into its accustomed immobility. "Is—Mrs. Delford here?"

"No; she went to town with uncle this morning. They haven't come back yet."

"Then is—is Miss Delford—Miss Janet, here?"

"No; she went too."

Daniel stood for a moment undecided.

"There's been a fire in the woods pasture," he said. "The negroes and I have been fighting it all day. I—burned my hand a little, and I would like to get some oil and a cotton cloth with which to dress it. I'm sorry, but if you know where these things are kept and will get them for me, I shall be very grateful."

"Wait a minute," answered the young lady. "I think I can find them for you." She placed her work in the chair and went indoors. Returning very soon with a bottle in one hand and a cloth in the other, she walked straight up to him. "Do you know how to do it?" she asked, looking squarely at him, but without a trace of boldness.

Daniel felt his cheeks crimsoning under their soot and soil. "I've helped bind up sprained ankles on the grid—" he stopped and bit his tongue. The last word spoken and he would have betrayed himself. "No—that is—I fear—yes, I can manage it, I think," he stammered, feeling himself growing woefully confused.

"You can do nothing of the sort," she returned. "Go to the porch and wash your hands, then come back here and I will attend to it for you." He obeyed meekly, wondering all the time why he did so. But this brief glance of the better part of the old life was strangely alluring, and he felt that he was not guilty of weakness in yielding to it. When he came back she had another chair placed by her own. "Sit down," she said briefly. He did so. "Now hold out your hand."

As she applied the cooling oil to the tortured flesh, and with deft hands skilfully wound the soft cloth about it, Daniel's heart trembled and the vistas of the past opened. The touch of her fingers was as gentle as the caress of a twilight zephyr, and as she bent her head over her work, Daniel looked at her and became conscious of a sense of social starvation, for the first time since the new life began. He became aware all at once that he had a right to her companionship, that he was her equal in blood and breeding, and that his period of purification and reform had made him a man again. Had she found him out? Almost he guessed she had—but then, would she not have performed this act of mercy for the lowliest being who trod the globe? With thread and needle the white hands stitched the bandage fast, and finally the task was done.

"You had better let me put a new one on in two or three days," she said. "That is an ugly burn."

"Thank you," he answered huskily, and arose and went back to the cottage.

## V

### THE SNARE OF A ROSE

Joshua Delford's home was on one of a series of slight elevations with their corresponding small valleys between. The homes of the well-to-do countrymen of this period were substantially the same as regarded architecture and color plan. Joshua's was a large, two-storey frame building, painted white, with green shutters, red tin roof and red chimneys. It had lightning rods, too, to guard against acci-

dent from that quarter. The ever present portico, above and below, was built to the front of the house, and about this Miss Janet industriously trained her vines every Spring. The rooms were large, square and airy; the floors were covered with rag carpets which Mrs. Delford had woven herself, and the walls were papered simply. The beds were huge, old-fashioned, four-posted affairs, most of them fitted with the rope mattress, an ingenious device often used in those days. All the water the family used was obtained from a cistern fully a hundred feet away. This cistern was plank-covered, weather-boarded in and had a roof over it. The water was raised in an oaken bucket attached to a long chain, which in turn wound about a windlass operated by an elbow handle. The farm house was carefully guttered, and water was piped to the cistern along the tops of poles. Rain barrels sat at three corners of the house, from which the stock drank when they were occasionally turned into the vast yard to graze. Close to the cistern was the apple house, built underground for the preservation of fruit in Winter. On the other side was the granary, with its great tin-lined bins—Joshua Delford's treasure vaults. Just back of the long side porch attached to the ell was a spring house, dug from the earth and blasted from the rock, roofed with stone and piled high with dirt. Over all of this was a light wooden structure. Stone steps led down into this spring house, where crocks of golden butter and tins and jars of creamy milk were kept. It was always cool down here; always fresh and sweet. On the west side of the house, at a suitable distance, were the smoke house and the hen house. The former, a tall, heavy building into which no ray of light entered except through the low door, was nearly always full of cured meat—juicy ham and shoulders and luscious bacon. In the center of the one room, upon the earthen floor, a pile of hickory ashes lay from one year's end to the other, being renewed each Winter when the hog-killing season came on. A few feet off from the smoke house was an ash hopper, with its home-made trough beneath, where good Mrs. Delford obtained the lye for her soap. Chicken coops also dotted this part of the yard, which was worn rather smooth by busy, three-toed feet. Back of the yard was the garden, an important auxiliary to rural housekeeping. All of the known vegetables grew within this garden, and along the picket fence next to the house thrived a bed of sage—for what sausage is fit to eat without this element? The crib and the two stables were south of the garden; also an old horse-power mill, now in disuse, where Joshua had in a far-off time ground his own corn. Behind the stables a hill dropped abruptly down to the rich bottom land, where cereals sprang from the dark, fertile loam year after year in unfailing plenty. A road wound down this hill in a horseshoe curve and terminated in a lane which led to a mill race bounding the southern side of the fields. A narrow neck of land separated the race and the river. This was a small and inconsequent stream ordinarily, but there were times of freshet when its might was felt. It rose rapidly and without warning, and its low banks offered but slight resistance to the churning water when it came rushing down its bed. Upon these times the lowlands were inundated, and oftentimes crops were ruined and swept away. The dam was further up, and just below it was a famous place for bass, for the time of which we write was before the day of the dynamiter. The fish nested in the Spring, gliding under sunken rocks to deposit their eggs, and were easily caught by "feeling." This consisted in diving and reaching under the rocks, when the fish would swim up and poke their noses in the intruding hand, and thus fall an easy prey. While this was considered unsportsmanlike, yet it took a brave man to do it on account of the many dangers attached thereto. There were also some excellent pools for bathing along this stream, and Daniel sought this sylvan solitude as often

as he could to rest and refresh himself in the clear water.

Joshua was very open and prodigal in his praise when he came home and found out what had happened. He ordered wheat bread (a special treat) made for the darkies who had behaved so well, and called his overseer into his presence. Sitting on the side porch, in a shuck-bottomed chair tilted back against a post—his favorite seat and his favorite attitude—he waited till Daniel had reached the railing and leaned upon it a few feet from him. Then he deliberately cut a chew of tobacco with his horn-handled, hook-billed knife, placed the delicate morsel upon his tongue, and spoke. "John, what about the fire in the woods pasture?"

The young man told him, in the fewest possible words, making the incident as trivial as he could, and carefully keeping his left hand behind him.

"You's there all day, wasn't you?"

"Yes; till sunset."

"Anybody hurt?"

"No."

"What ye doin' with that han' tied up?"

"I burnt it."

"Uh-huh. Burnt it, an' yet nobody's hurt. Well, you lay off for a few days. Pay'll go on. You can't do no good on a farm with one han'. One o' my niggers c'n lay as pretty a stack o' wheat as ever you saw, an' I'll start 'im at it tomorrow."

"I'm not incapacitated for work."

"Never mind; you need a rest anyhow. I've been watchin' ye, an' ye look pulled down. Too much settin' up at night an' too much work in the day. How's Brewster?"

"Doing nicely."

"I don't want 'im to get well too quick"—with grim humor—"for I don't mind tellin' you that things are goin' better with you at the head of 'em. He'd 'a' seen the house burn down before he'd let the fire touch him,"

"Supper's ready, uncle," said a very sweet voice from the doorway of the dining room. Daniel started the least bit as the tones broke on his ears so unexpectedly, and presently followed his employer in to the evening meal.

Doubtless it was chance—for what are we to judge a woman and her motives?—that caused Madeline Delford to place a rose in her hair that evening. It was not a white rose, nor a yellow rose, but a full-blown, blood-red rose which glowed like a ruby in the dark coils just above the neck. And it was placed upon that side of her head which would be next to John Daniel at supper. Then, too, she came in tonight wearing a fichu made of some soft, filmy stuff which caught the lamp glow drowsily. A wonderful garment is a fichu. It is an old, old conceit, but it is fearfully bewitching. It comes around the shoulders and knots loosely over the breast, leaving the throat and the hollow in the neck bare, and perhaps an inch or two below the neck. Madeline had a superb throat; it was round, firm, white, flawless. So she wore the fichu and put the rose, the red rose, in her hair,—as she had a perfect right to do. For her quick perceptions had completed the word which John Daniel had half spoken, half repressed on the portico not an hour before, and she was an original girl and unafraid, though every inch a woman.

Daniel looked at her as he took his seat, and if his heart did not leap it tried to. Her eyes were downcast, and the shadowy contour of her face was dangerously enchanting. But Daniel maintained his customary reserve throughout the meal, never speaking voluntarily, and all the time the leaven of sweet, fresh, womanly beauty was working its miracle within him. When

supper was over he excused himself and left the table the first one, as usual.

Brewster was asleep when he reached the cottage, so Daniel sat down upon the wooden doorstep, put his elbows on his knees and his chin in his palm, and fell a-thinking. Briefly he reviewed his life since the night his father had sent him away. His record had not all been white—how could it be! But from the first he had striven with all of his debilitated and impoverished power to climb up again into his rightful estate. The words of Roger Croft had torn the veil from his mental vision; had shown him his soul naked, spotted and shrivelling away. Then the old man had pointed him to the fount of healing water; had shown him the way to moral cleanliness and physical worth, and bidden him go. He had gone. Out into the world at night, almost as helpless as a child, thrown abruptly and irretrievably upon his own resources. He shuddered tonight as he thought of his first struggles. They had been aimless; grotesque. He hardly knew what he wanted, and within him all the time raged a devilish thirst. He was overcome once, twice, several times, but at last he got a grip upon himself and felt the new dawn breaking about his beleaguered soul. And throughout his wanderings the words of his father were never forgotten. He shunned the city, the town, even the village he passed by, or tarried there but for a night. And so, slowly and with infinite labor and supreme patience, nature reclaimed an erring child. For over a year now nothing but pure water had passed his lips. The wasted and decayed tissues of his body had been replaced by vital and vigorous ones. The lines upon his face which had marked the tippler had been erased, metamorphosed into those which a victor over self wears. The half-vacant, shifting look in his eyes had grown into a steadfast gaze. The man had risen from the wreck.

He had never sent his father a single line. At first it was resentment—the resentment of a strong nature made weak by dissipation. Then it was shame. As his manhood was gradually reestablished, the full consciousness of what he had done had assailed him mercilessly, and a keen sense of his dreadful behavior held him back from the words he longed to write.

He sat on the steps and thought, and his thoughts turned homeward. Back to the spreading house and the great trees and the green lawn, and the wilderness of flowers. It seemed an earthly paradise tonight. He was alone and lonely, earning his daily bread by the toil of his hands and the sweat of his brow. He took his hands from his chin and looked at them. They were sunburnt, calloused. One was so swathed that only the fingers were visible, but they were brown and sinewy. Could they once have been the white, flabby, blue-veined hands which had toyed with the wine glass and the gaming card? Now they were friends of the plow, the saw, the spade, the sickle. He clenched the right one firmly, and he knew that the knotted knuckles could have felled a bullock. Then his mind went back again to the sleepy little town which was his birthplace—to Ivy Lodge, with its single, gray-haired occupant. He heard voices on the side porch of the big house—one carried further than the others, and its tones were honey-sweet. He found himself listening. It seemed that one of the negroes had divulged his heroic conduct at the fire, and the family were discussing it. He heard his name—spoken by a peculiarly charming voice—and an expression of admiration for his courage followed it.

He arose quietly and went in. The sick man was still sleeping. Going to his room, Daniel lit a candle, set it upon the top of a goods box which served for his trunk, and, finding a piece of blank paper and the stub end of a pencil, he knelt by the box and slowly traced the words—"My dear father."

## "MAJE"

By C. L. G. Anderson

WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

ON the twenty-second day of October, 1899, the United States army transport *Sheridan* was steaming due west on the twenty-first parallel of north latitude, pursuant to regulations governing army transports sailing from San Francisco to Manila by way of Honolulu. By keeping on the parallel they were supposed to avoid the small islands lying in the course to the Philippines.

As the preceding day was October 20, it seemed to most of us that this should be the twenty-first, but the captain said we had dropped that day as we crossed the one hundred and eightieth meridian during the night; and we took his word for it, without knowing just why it was so. "We will pick it up going back," said he, and that set us to wondering how many of us would live to get back again.

In addition to her crew, the *Sheridan* carried over two thousand officers and men to support American authority and put down insurrection in the Philippines. There was one entire regiment of volunteer infantry, a battalion of regulars, a lot of rookies going out to join their regiments, hospital corps men, and a number of unattached medical and other staff officers. Thank goodness, there were no women aboard—the greatest nuisances that ever afflicted a crowded transport.

The necessity in that climate for a siesta following luncheon had already manifested itself, and nearly everyone had indulged in it; but now officers and men were beginning to turn out again—the officers aft in their steamer chairs, the men crowding everywhere else; most of the latter sitting or lying on deck, and many hanging over the rail, thinking of their homes now thousands of

miles behind them, or the fortunes awaiting them in the eastern islands, or of the two miles of water beneath them.

It was strange how these men, many of whom could not swim across a duck pond, and who had never seen deep water until they sailed from San Francisco, would loll upon the rail, and even go to sleep upon this narrow, swaying berth, forty feet above the sea. Men who would not go to sleep upon a fourth-storey window sill, here lay prone on a rail, eight inches wide, of a rolling ship, in spite of the colonel's stringent orders to the contrary. Several had already been punished for it, but the practice still went on.

There appears to be an innate cussedness in many men—and some women—prompting them to tempt fate; to risk their own lives and often those of others, when nothing is to be gained. In green troops it is shown by disobeying orders, and it takes many hard knocks and long discipline to make them see that orders are issued for their own good.

Private Lemuel Dawson, a lanky mountaineer from Georgia, on account of this inborn cussedness, exaggerated by the moonshine blood in his veins, was particularly prone to get himself into forbidden places. Finding no deck room unoccupied by men or tobacco juice—another breach of discipline—he stretched his lengthy form upon the rail, with an arm about a shroud giving a false feeling of security. There was no officer in sight, and the sentinel on guard had not yet acquired that sense of personal responsibility which makes a soldier when on duty report a breach of discipline by his best friend as quickly as when done by a stranger. Dawson pulled his campaign hat over his eyes,

and the heat and the gentle roll of the ship soon induced a languorous slumber in which he dreamed that he was shooting revenue officers with his squirrel rifle in far-away Georgia.

Among the officers aft appeared Major Morgan, in pajamas and slippers, on his way to the bath in order to take a shower before dressing for the evening. After the oppressive heat of his cabin the air felt refreshing, and he tarried a while to enjoy the sea and sky. The latter was cloudless and the water was that deep, indigo blue seen only over great depths, changing to emerald when disturbed by wave or wake, and capped by snowy foam when it broke upon itself.

Major Morgan was one of the many regular officers who had received commissions of increased rank in the volunteers. A soldier by breeding and inclination; a gentleman, strong physically, mentally and morally; reserved and dignified, yet approachable; proficient in his profession, trusted by men and pleasing to women; and who always did his whole duty and a little more.

He had done many good things in the Indian country, in desperate straits on the march in the blizzards of the Northwest, and in the burning deserts of Arizona. After a long detail at frontier posts, he had been assigned as instructor of tactics at the Point, and had just returned from the Santiago campaign, where he and other company commanders had forced Spain off the western hemisphere.

So far, he had received but conventional commendations for gallant and meritorious services. However, the desire for honor and glory never slumbers in the breast of a true soldier, so when congress tardily passed the Act of March 2, 1899, creating the Philippine Volunteers, Captain Morgan applied for a commission; but it is doubtful if his splendid record alone would have been sufficient to get it, had his application not been backed

by family influence and senatorial pull.

His previous service made him the ranking major, and, with the exception of the colonel, he was the most important officer in his regiment. Major Morgan loved his profession and took a keen interest in breaking in the new officers and men. Everybody recognized that there was no nonsense about the major.

A few brief weeks had been taken up with the enlistment, equipment and drill of the regiment; then the journey across the continent, a few days in camp at the Presidio, and embarkation on the transport.

And here he was on his way to the far-away Philippines, holding a high command, with new opportunities opening up before him. What possibilities for fame and distinction lay in those islands which he had scarcely heard of until Dewey's battle of Manila Bay! His main fear was that his regiment would arrive too late for any fighting and chance of making a record. (During the next two years he got all the fighting he cared for, but he could not foresee that). And then he thought of the woman back in God's country whom he had not seen for nearly two years, but at whose feet he desired to lay all the honors of war.

"Man overboard! Man overboard!" was sung out forward and quickly repeated over the deck. In an instant everybody crowded to the rail and gazed over the side. A few cool heads looked around for life preservers to cast overboard.

When Major Morgan heard the cry he sprang to the rail just in time to see a pair of khaki leggings and campaign shoes disappear in the water. A hasty glance about revealed no life preserver, but in a twinkling he picked up his large bamboo reclining chair and threw it aft with all his might toward the ripple where the man had gone down. Was it the violence of his effort, together with an unusual lurch of the ship? Was it the

natural instinct of one to save a fellow-man; or was it the trained impulse of the soldier always to do and dare, that carried him over? Only the psychologist can determine. Anyhow, over the side went the major, in as pretty a dive as anyone would wish to see. As he dove his first sensation was one of complete enjoyment. There was no danger of striking bottom, and he could let himself go. When he came up he blew the water out of his nostrils and wiped his eyes. Following logically his instinct to save that soldier, he looked hurriedly around. At first glance he could see nothing of him, but as the long swell carried his vision higher he perceived the object of his plunge bobbing in the wake of the steamer and making frantic efforts to lift himself out of the water. A dozen masterful strokes and the major was by his side, just in time to support him and give him confidence.

After Dawson (for of course it was our mountaineer) had choked and spluttered a while, and gotten some of the water out of his throat, the major managed to get him fairly quiet. Then he looked around for his chair. He did not see it, but espied a life preserver near at hand. He told Dawson to turn on his back, and at the same time gave him the necessary twist. Telling him to throw back his head and keep his body stiff, he took him by the back of his blue flannel shirt and towed him slowly toward the life preserver. Reaching it, he passed it over the man's head and under his arms, and adjusted the ropes.

The soldier being provided for, the major felt relieved, and took a look around for the ship. She was a long way off and appeared to be continuing on her course. However, as the sea was smooth, he thought surely they must make some effort to rescue them, and possibly had already lowered a boat. Thinking those aboard would be anxiously scanning the sea for them, he waved an arm every time the swell

carried him upward. All the while he was looking out for his chair, which he knew could not sink, and it soon appeared riding upright over the crest of a wave. He swam to it, and also found another life preserver floating near it. He secured both, and gradually worked back to Dawson, who was still very much frightened and ill at ease. With the ropes on the life preservers he lashed them both to the chair, and thus formed a very efficient raft, upon which he crawled and took some much needed rest.

He now had an opportunity to realize the gravity of their situation, and speculate upon the chances of being rescued.

The major was an expert swimmer and believed that with the means at hand he could look after Dawson and himself for a considerable time, provided the sea got no rougher. But the most serious menace that confronted them was that the sun was near setting and darkness would soon envelope them and hide them from the sight of those on board. At the worst, the major thought they could keep afloat all night, but where would the Sherigan be in the morning; to say nothing of danger from monsters of the deep?

And now occurred an incident that can be appreciated only by trained soldiers.

"Stop your struggling," said the major, "and let yourself drift; you can't sink."

"All right, Maje," replied the ignorant recruit. No greater affront can be offered an officer than to call him "Maje," "Cap," or "Lieut," as the case may be. In spite of their peculiar situation, and the fact that both might be food for fishes before another sun, the officer felt that he could not overlook such an indignity from an enlisted man.

In post or camp, the major would never have dreamed of putting his hands on a soldier in punishment, but in the

water he resorted to the swimmer's remedy.

Quick as a flash, he grabbed Dawson by the hair and pulled his head under water. "Don't you call me 'Maje,' or I will drown you," said the major when he let him up.

"Excuse me, Major, I meant no—nothing," said Dawson, after he had recovered his breath.

"Very good; now keep quiet and do as I tell you."

Dawson was now more afraid of the major than he was of the sea, and thereafter was quiet and tractable.

By this time the ship had turned broadside on, and they could see her decks crowded with dark masses which they knew to be men. Every time the long Pacific swell carried them higher they both waved their arms, hoping to be seen by those aboard.

And they were seen by those aboard. Indeed, from the moment they struck the water nearly every eye on the steamer was anxiously peering for them. The ship's officers and army officers had covered them with glasses all the time.

Immediately upon the cry of "Man overboard!" the engines had been stopped and preparations made to lower a boat. But it takes a steamer under way a long time to slow up, and when the major had a chance to look around for the transport she was already far away. When she appeared broadside on, she was lowering a boat on the other side, and willing hands were pulling with all their might toward the point in the sea at which they were last seen.

The steamer blew her whistle every time the major and Dawson waved their arms, and hope became more confident in all hearts. Pretty soon the big transport had turned and was steaming back on her course. The major could now see a signal flag moving on the bridge. Yes, they were wigwagging a message to him, but as yet he could not read it. After catching a few letters he would be

carried down in the trough of the sea and lose the rest. B-o-a-t—r-e-s-c-u-e—b-r-a-v-e, he made out after a time, and he signaled back O. K. the best he could with his arm. He understood that a boat had been lowered and began to look out for it. While the steamer loomed up plainly, the small boat was still out of sight. The two men and their float were now visible to the naked eye aboard ship and every time they waved their arms they were answered by tremendous cheers.

Thinking to help the small boat locate them, the major directed Dawson to shout with him at intervals, and they were soon rewarded by seeing her white bows headed toward them. As she came within hail, the major sung out to the mate in charge: "We are alright, Brown, take your time."

The boat was soon up with them, and strong arms helped them aboard, not forgetting the life preservers and the major's chair. The rescue was clearly seen from the steamer, and when the men realized that the major and Dawson were as well as ever, they were frantic with joy.

During the return to the transport the major asked Dawson how he came to fall overboard. "I reckon I went to sleep on the rail," replied he.

"Very well!" When you get back to the ship report to the surgeon, and if he says your are all right, go to your quarters in arrest."

"Yes, sir," said Dawson, awkwardly saluting.

The transport was now near and a few strokes brought them alongside.

The kodak is almost as essential to the modern soldier as his rifle or mess kit, and in spite of the waning sunlight, the click of the cameras was like the firing of a Colt automatic gun.

The boat was drawn up to the davits with a cheery "heave ho," and when the major clambered on deck the first to greet him was his colonel, and the next

General Mack, who was going out to command a department in the Philippines.

It happened that the battalion of regulars aboard belonged to the major's old regiment, and they all said it was no more than they expected him to do.

Everyone commended his bravery and daring; but to all he disavowed any intent of jumping overboard, and stated that he didn't know just how he got in the water—"probably the thought of a swim in the sea was uppermost in my mind when the man fell overboard, and I just went after him."

The incident made the major the most respected man aboard, endeared him to his brother officers and made him a hero to the men of his new regiment,

who, up to this time, had looked upon him more as a martinet.

As for private Lemuel Dawson, he duly reported to the surgeon, who marked him fit for duty; and he then went to his first sergeant and reported himself in arrest by order of Major Morgan. The colonel, however, thought the lesson for Dawson and the other soldiers had been sufficiently severe, and ordered him returned to duty without trial. Needless to say, there was no more sleeping on the rail.

Among his comrades, Dawson never failed to find an eager audience when relating his experience, and never omitted telling how the major had threatened to drown him for calling him "Maje."

"And he'd a done it, too," he added.

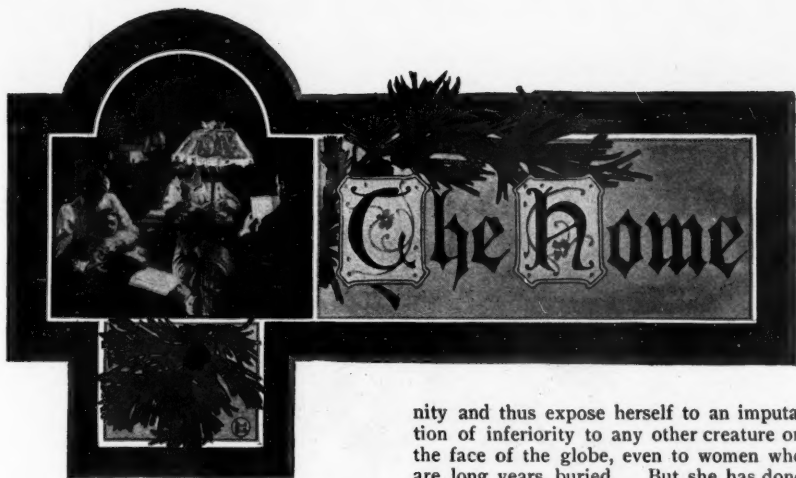
## ON A DILETTANTE

By Nathan Haskell Dole

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

THERE seemed no reason he should not be great:

The wisest masters gave him their advice;  
He had the means to pay them any price;  
His taste, his touch, his talent were innate;  
He felt no spur of haste; 't were good to wait.  
Each year his delicacy grew more nice  
Until a shade of dilettante spice  
Became his one predominating trait.  
Now had he fought with direst poverty,  
Known hunger, faced despair, lost love, missed wife,  
But showed the truth as one whose eyes may see  
Its beauty thro' the counselling of life,  
He might have held the world of art in fee  
And won his crown as conqueror in the strife.



## THE AMERICAN WOMAN AS A SALON-BUILDER

By Lucy Semmes Orrick

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

**T**HE general assumption that the American woman is the feminine force of the world today is a fair one—in some respects. She spends money more lavishly, rules her household more absolutely, and dismisses her husband more easily than any other woman of any other age. But while a force she may not be an intellectual force; and, however else others may look upon the situation, these flaunting evidences of the American woman's rule do not overshadow the fact that she has carefully ignored or missed entirely that broader opportunity for power in which have grown very great the women who could be great, namely, that realm which in the days gone by found a home in the salons of women.

No one can doubt that the American woman is peculiarly fitted to rule over such an empire. In her natural mental alertness, national initiative quality, the latitude allowed her, and the necessarily enormous influence she might wield for state and the men who are universally acknowledged to be the husbands par excellence, she contains within herself the basic elements of leadership. Considering this and her own feverish love of excitement, supplemented by that pre-eminent American characteristic—an over-weening love of supremacy—it is strange she could for a moment ignore her opportu-

nity and thus expose herself to an imputation of inferiority to any other creature on the face of the globe, even to women who are long years buried. But she has done so. She has neglected that centuries-old nucleus of woman's far-reaching power—the salon. She does not even attempt this kingdom of her own which presupposes a gathering of the mighty minds of the country, throbbing with genius and power, creating, directing, moved unconsciously to their highest efforts by that marvellously stirring, velvet-covered force, the mind of a brilliant, skillful, diplomatic woman.



THE AMERICAN WOMAN OF TODAY



Men are Absenting Themselves More and More from  
Women's Affairs

With the field before her, the American woman still rests idle. It may be urged that the husbands object on the score of a certain vulgarity which Americans themselves attach to politics. But state affairs should never be vulgar, and American women are absolutely free. The women of kingdoms and empires have made and unmade nations without detracting one iota from the charm which is a woman's crown; those lesser lights of the powers around the throne, De Stael, Roland, du Deffand and the level-headed duchesses of England who know so

well how to preserve the happy balance between extremes, have demonstrated what the powers might do when those were women and the throne was a man. Why, then, should the American woman pass by a field of the greatest possible influence?—she who, if she chose, would tamper with the conduct of the universe. It is safe to assume that if she had felt any inclination toward that higher intellectual communion afforded by only one sort of gathering in the world, that of able, deep-minded men, and brilliant, receptive women, she would have indulged it.

But she has shown no such inclination. Not since the days of Dolly Madison, who was the nearest approach in America to her French prototypes, has anyone even glanced at her place.

There must be some reason for this shirking of a superb possibility, a shirking the more marked because it falsifies that American trait of traits, the almost superhuman quality of seizing opportunities. And there is a reason. It is not that the American woman fears her inability to cope with the situation, but that she has been made too much of by the husbands who are without peers. She is given too much freedom. High living and accompanying indulgence have dissipated her energy and developed an enormous egotism, unconscious though it be, which requires independent prominence, so positive that it admits of no division, much less of a judicious self-obscurity which is the crowning requisite of the salon-builder. The American woman of leisure has no time. Leisure is so rare for her that she would not recognize it if it came to her. Her life is too full of the useless, utterly useless, hurry and strain of the twentieth century to allow the cultivation of repose and the conservation of energy that would make her great. She lives in a whirlpool of pleasure. As a consequence, her men are growing away from her — these men tired out by ten hours mad rush of work, want rest — rest for something better than dances and cards and animal parties. Lo — the women's opportunity is here if they would only see it, but they do not and the men are absenting themselves more and more from women's affairs. The noble conversation and flashing wit which might magnetise them are withheld until they are lost. Conversation, that fine art of a woman's highest accomplishments, is passing; and as for listening, who stops to listen these days with other than a bland, wandering smile and secret anxiety that he who speaks would cut speech short? Yet out of all these things, out of great intellects, great thoughts, brilliant exchange of repartee and the gracious gift of listening, the genius, we might say, of listening, the soil upon which conversation roots and flourishes, grew the charm, the fascination, the world-ramifying influence of the French salon.

No, the American woman may not know it, but she is not exactly generous, loth as one is to say it. She is charming, lovable, beautiful, exquisitely gowned, but, in cold English, she is self-centered. She will luxuriate in her husband's lavish providence for her, but she will no longer lend her sparkling wit and tactful allurements to the drawing

out of his possibilities, caressing and moulding toward perfection those larger conceptions of his mind to which the brain of a woman may never give birth. She has cultivated a false idea of values; she no longer sees that a woman to shine in any real resplendent light must, to a certain extent, reflect that of her men; that she is only great in ministering to their greatness. She no longer sees this, therefore she will never be a salon-builder.

The woman who might have accomplished this, the Southern woman of the past, is gone. With the wiping out of the old South and all that beautiful life which was the apotheosis of woman's attitude toward men, passed the character who might have immortalized her sex in gatherings as great as any of those of other centuries that have stirred men to grandeur of action and written the name of the feminine guiding spirit on the lengthening scrolls of time.

## CHOICE RECIPES FOR CHRISTMAS CANDIES

By Katherine E. Megee

WAYNESBORO, VIRGINIA

**BROWN ALMOND BAR:** Put two pounds light brown sugar into a clean granite saucepan; add two-thirds cup of cold water and one-third teaspoon cream of tartar. Put over the fire and when it begins to boil add one pound shelled almonds, stirring them in slowly. Boil until the nuts will slide off the lifted spoon easily. Then pour into a buttered cooling tin, and when cool cut into strips. To make peanut bar, substitute two pounds peanuts for the almonds.

**HONEY TAFFY:** Pour over one pint white sugar enough water to dissolve it; add four tablespoons strained honey. Boil to the hard crack. Pour out on greased pans, and let remain until nearly cold. Then pull on a hook.

**SLICED COCOANUT BAR:** Cook two pounds best granulated sugar, two-thirds of a cup of water, and a pinch of cream of tartar, without stirring, to hard-crack in water; then add slowly one coconut pared and sliced very thin. Stir thoroughly, then pour into a buttered pan. When cool, cut into any shape desired.

**CHOCOLATE CONES:** Put one pound best granulated sugar into a saucepan; add half a cup of water, and with a wooden spatula stir over the fire until the sugar is dissolved. Then remove the spatula and cook *without* stirring until the syrup soft-balls when a little of it is tested in ice water. Pour slowly but in a steady stream into a bowl that has been lightly brushed over with oil or water. Do not scrape the sides of the saucepan or the syrup will granulate. Have ready in a bowl six ounces melted chocolate. Divide the sugar mixture into two parts and into one pour one-third the melted chocolate and vanilla extract to season to taste. Stir until a stiff mass is formed; then shape into small cones and drop them upon buttered paper. Put half the remaining cream mixture into a cup and stand it in boiling water; add vanilla to flavor and stir over the fire until of the consistency of thick syrup. Take the cup to the table and dip half the cones, one at a time, into it, coating each thoroughly. To the remainder of the creamed sugar add the remainder of the melted chocolate and two tablespoons boiling water. If too thick, add, drop at a time, more boiling water, until of the consistency desired. Dip the rest of the cones in it. Although the above process seems a tedious one, the result will make amends for the extra time and labor spent.

**BUTTER SCOTCH:** Put three pounds light brown sugar, one-half cup molasses, four even tablespoons butter and one-half teaspoon cream tartar over the fire and boil until it is quite brittle when tested in ice water. Add a few drops of any flavoring desired, pour into a greased pan and when cool mark into squares.

**MARSHMALLOWS:** Soak two ounces white gum arabic in eight tablespoons of water one hour. Stand the vessel containing it in a pan of boiling water, place on the back of the range, stirring occasionally, until the gum arabic is dissolved. Then strain through a fine meshed sieve. Add seven ounces best granulated sugar, put into a double boiler and stir over the fire until thick and white. Take from the fire, flavor with vanilla, beat hard and with a quick motion for five minutes; then pour into a bowl containing the whipped whites of four eggs, beating with one hand while pouring with the other. Beat the whole thoroughly, then turn into a pan well dusted with corn starch. When cold, cut into squares and dust each square with corn starch. Pack in tin boxes.

**COCOANUT FUDGE:** Boil together, until it soft-balls when tested in ice water, two cups granulated sugar, and two-thirds of a cup of sweet milk. Just before taking from the fire, stir in one cup finely grated cocoanut and a rounded tablespoon of butter. Take from the fire, add a few drops of lemon extract, then beat the mixture until it begins to thicken. Pour out on buttered tins and when cold enough cut into cubes.

**COFFEE CARAMELS:** Put one pound light brown sugar into a clean granite saucepan; add one cup strong clear coffee, one-half cup sweet cream and one tablespoon butter. Put over the fire and boil, without stirring, until it will hard-crack when a little is dropped into cold water. Then pour into greased cooling tins and, when cool enough, mark off into inch squares.

## DECEMBER WORK IN THE WINDOW GARDEN

By Eva Ryman-Gaillard

GIRARD, PENNSYLVANIA

THE principal work of this month lies in the care of plants already potted and growing and perhaps the greatest care will be given to the bulbs which are expected to furnish blooms for Christmas decorations.

If the buds seem to be well developed but not coming above the neck of the bulb as they should, water them with warm water to which a tiny pinch of nitrate of soda, or salt-petre, has been added. Do not give the stimulant oftener than once a week, and not at all if the buds are coming up well.

It is sometimes a help to place a paper funnel over the plant, leaving the top opening about a quarter of the size of the base, or in other ways to get all the light above the bud, in order to induce it to grow upward.

If geraniums, or other plants which produce their blossoms at the end of branches, show a tendency to grow to one stalk, lose no time in pinching them back, to force a growth of lateral branches and get many blooming points. It is better to sacrifice the first blossoms and have many more, later on.

It is a question of form too, for the pinched-back plant will become a stocky, bushy plant much more beautiful than any spindling stalk could ever be.



## A HAPPY CREEK WATER BABY

Photographed by W. F. Melton, Baltimore

Plants growing in pots need cultivation as much as those in the garden, and the surface of the soil should be worked loose very frequently. A discarded table fork, or a strong hairpin will serve every purpose of a cultivator.

When cultivating the soil in large pots or tin dishes, examine it as deep down as possible to learn how much moisture it is holding. Many times, when the surface soil has dried out and, seemingly, needs water, an examination will show that deeper down it is too wet for the good of the plant.

Insects of all sorts and sizes must be watched for, and this is particularly true when plants are brought from green-houses. Florists are supposed to be careful, and undoubtedly are, but in spite of their watchfulness many plants sent out by them are infested with insects of one kind or another, and the buyer must keep close watch or they will quickly find their way to every plant in the collection.

Fresh air and sunshine, and plenty of moisture in the air, are helps in keeping plants free from the various insect pests, but "eternal vigilance" and the "ounce of prevention" are parts of the

price to be paid for freedom from them.

Very few plants suffer from too much sun on their foliage, or on the surface of the soil, but very many suffer from letting the sun shine directly on the side of the pot for hours at a time.

When a pot stands exposed to the sun-rays as focused through glass it gets so hot that the roots of the plant in it are, practically, baked. Keep the pots below the level of the window sills, or put something between them and the glass.

Each point named is of itself a little thing, yet each one has an important bearing on the success or failure of our window gardens, and to overlook them is to invite failure, to a marked degree, in spite of care given in other ways.

## MEALS IN THE KITCHEN: A MAN'S IDEA

(From the Boston Journal)

"In ten years," says a well known physician, "only those women will endure servants in their houses who are afflicted by necessity."



THE FOOTBALL BOY

"What will the others do?" someone asked. "They will do as their grandmothers," was the reply. "They will serve their meals in the kitchen and live simply—and they will be the healthier and the happier for it."

Support of this forecast is offered by the magazines on home-building. The more progressive they are the simpler are the houses they exploit. Parlors are omitted altogether; the great, wasteful, mistaken hall is giving way to one just large enough for its normal uses; walls are being kept bare in occasional spots, and the whole downstairs is being so contracted that the preparing and serving of meals need consume only the least possible time.

Why do we live as we do, anyway? In the old days meat, vegetables, and dessert meant a dinner. Now we need soup, fish, meat, salad, game, pudding, ices, coffee and cheese. There is no use quarreling with the appetite. If we want that variety, editorials in the newspapers will not argue it away. But we need not use up a whole pantry to serve it.

This is one key to the servant question, both as to the difficulty of keeping the slavey and the impossibility of getting a good one.

What is needed is a clerk from a china store, not a servant. And when more women follow the lead of the home-making magazines and do their own work, there will be a great doing away with all this extravagance.

## MARGUERITE'S MISTAKE

By Eleanor W. F. Bates

ROSLINDALE, MASSACHUSETTS

**E**THEL and Helen and Marguerite Had for their lunch a little treat,—  
Dates that were luscious and brown and sweet.

They laughed and talked as they ate, and so,  
(For laughing takes up the time, you know)  
Small Ethel was just a wee bit slow.

Marguerite looked at the dainty pet  
And cried, "Why, baby! did you forget?  
You haven't eaten your *figures* yet!"

## LITTLE HELPS FOR HOME-MAKERS

For each little help found suited for use in this department, we award one year's subscription to the National Magazine. If you are already a subscriber, YOUR SUBSCRIPTION MUST BE PAID IN FULL TO DATE IN ORDER TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER. You can then either extend your own term or send the National to a friend. If your little help does not appear, it is probably because the same idea has been offered by someone else before you. Try again. We do not want cooking recipes, unless you have one for a new or uncommon dish. Enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope if you wish us to return or acknowledge unavailable offerings.

### FOR SUDDEN DEAFNESS

By C. H. M. KING

Citronelle, Alabama

For sudden and unaccountable deafness: Dissolve a tablespoonful cooking soda in one-half cupful boiling water. Every morning, for a week or two, take out one-half teaspoonful of this, suitably warm, into it drop five drops pure glycerine and pour into the ear, and hold the head over until none runs out. At the end of a week or two, syringe the ear thoroughly with warm water. These two remedies have been successfully tested in my own family.

### FOR A SQUEAKING DOOR

By C. A. D.

Salem, Massachusetts

Rub soap on bottom of sill; if the difficulty lies in the hinges dip a feather in kerosene and apply, swinging door to and fro gently.

## WASHING HANDKERCHIEFS

By MRS. A. G.  
Hillsdale, Michigan

On wash-day soak badly soiled handkerchiefs a half hour or more in a basin of warm water to which has been added a generous handful of salt. All that is objectionable will be removed and they may then be washed as usual.

## A POINTER FOR THE BOYS

By ONA ELLIS SMITH  
Guthrie Center, Iowa

When my twin boys demanded their "rain" shoes recently I was discouraged to find that they wouldn't go on their feet. "They are too little," I said. "Nonsense," said Grandma, "they are only stiff; they have been put away without being properly oiled. Apply equal parts of kerosene and castor oil with a woollen cloth and then see how easily they will slip on." I did so and she was right. The boys are happy with their "castor-oiled" shoes.

## RIDDING A LAWN OF ANTS

By THOMAS W. VOSE  
Bangor, Maine

To rid the lawn and other places infested with pismires (ants), secure a bottle of bi-sulphide of carbon (at any drug store). Make a hole in the center of a common-size ant's nest with a stick or other instrument—say one inch in diameter—reaching to the bottom of the nest. Into this hole pour three dessert spoonsful of the liquid, and close the top of the opening. Large nests will require more holes and liquid. After twenty years of strenuous efforts with kerosene, hot water, etc., with little success except to deface the lawn, my troubles ended with the use of the above liquid and method of its use.

## PREVENTING TEA STAINS

By MRS. F. A. F.  
Gulfport, Mississippi

Put a lump of sugar in the teapot and it will prevent tea staining any damask, however fine, over which it may be spilled.

## CUTTING SOAP EASILY

By M. F. R.

To cut soap easily, first dip the knife in boiling water.

## FILLING SALT CELLARS

By MRS. L. A. FERGUSON  
Loveland, Colorado

Salt and pepper shakers can be quickly and neatly filled by the use of a small funnel placed in the mouth of each.

## PREVENTS SOGGY PIE-CRUST

By MRS. M. A. F.  
Cedarvale, New York

Pie crust will not be soggy if brushed over with the white of an egg before the fruit is put in.

## FROM A MISSIONARY IN CHINA

By H.  
Kiu Kiang, China

A Chinese plan for removing ink stains from cloth is to wash them with boiled rice. Rub the rice on the stain as you would soap, and wash with clear water. If the first application does not complete the cure, repeat the process. We have found this to work like magic, even upon stains not discovered until perfectly dry.

## A CLOTHES-PIN APRON

By MARY E. GILMORE  
Eldorado, Kansas

It is made of common bed-ticking and has two large pockets. This is much handier than a box or basket, for the apron can be buttoned on, and the pins are always in reach. I put the pins into the pockets when gathering in the clothes and have a special nail to hang it on.

## SUGGESTIONS

By MRS. M. M. DUDLEY  
Eureka, California

To prevent the oil-cloth sticking to the table, first cover the table with common wrapping paper.

Anything mixed with water requires a hotter fire than if mixed with milk.

Paste made with laundry starch is best for scrap books. It will not then grow yellow with age.

To clean alapaca, sponge with strained coffee. Iron on the wrong side.

Whole cloves are better for exterminating moths than either tobacco or camphor.

## CAMPAIGN AGAINST DIRT

By ALICE M. STEEVES  
Boston, Massachusetts

A unique campaign against dirt is being successfully carried on by the "Woman's Health Club." The duty of each member is to study the conditions regarding health sanitation and hygiene, whenever and wherever the opportunity presents itself; and these observations are compiled into booklets, and distributed from time to time. Several endowments have been received, and the work endorsed by many of the leading educators of the country. An edition of ten thousand booklets entitled "Clean Food and the Public Health" has just been issued. Readers of the National can have a booklet free on receipt of a two-cent stamp by Dr. Alice M. Steeves, Secretary, 226 Berkley Street, Boston.

## KEEPING HAT FLOWERS FRESH

By MYRTLE GARRISON  
Palo Alto, California

When the flowers begin to fade on your Summer hat, don't take them off and destroy them, but simply try your water-colors on them, and you will find them quickly restored to their natural beauty. Touch up each flower with the original color, making them much brighter—as water-colors dry much lighter. The water will not take the stiffness out of the flowers. This is a good and inexpensive way to keep your hats looking fresh.

## WHISKEY FOR A BOIL

By H. P.  
Canton, Ohio

Keep a cloth saturated with whiskey upon a boil, and it will "head" in from two to three hours.

## APPLES IN MANY DISHES

By MRS. J. R. BEEBE  
New Rockford, North Dakota

Here, in our comparatively new state of North Dakota, great fields of grain demand the farmer's attention, and, as yet, little thought has been given to fruit raising. Our fruit and berries are brought from afar and are very expensive.

We therefore depend much upon apples, of which large quantities are shipped in at reasonable figures. We cook them in a great variety of ways: by baking, boiling, steaming, stewing and frying.

For apple pies we select tart, mellow apples. Pare and slice enough to fill a rich crust. Then to a generous half cup of granulated sugar add a tablespoonful of flour and stir thoroughly together, and spread over the sliced apples. Over this dot small lumps of butter before covering with crust. We prefer them without flavoring or spice, which destroys the fine apple flavor.

We boil the apples for tea, taking large, perfect ones. First, make a syrup of sugar and water in a basin. Drop the apples, without peeling, into the boiling syrup, and cover with a plate or other tight cover, and place on the back part of the stove where they will cook slowly. When done through, but not broken, remove and pour the hot syrup over them.

We take sweet and sometimes sour apples whole, without paring, and make spiced sweet pickles of them, as of peaches.

As a breakfast relish we have them fried. Take perfect ones and remove the cores with an apple corer. Slice about half an inch thick and fry in butter. After browning on one side, turn, and when nearly done sprinkle with sugar.

We make a salad from apples by paring them and chopping, not too fine, mixing with them English walnut meats, also chopped. Cover with Mayonnaise dressing.

Very nice jelly can be made from apples: slice without paring, but remove the cores. Proceed as for other fruit jellies.

One year when canning peaches we had a quantity of juice left over. So we made ready some apples and put them into the juice, stewed them down thick and canned as other fruit. We found it very fine-flavored.

In the Spring we endeavor to save what apples we may have on hand, by fixing and canning them in self-sealing cans, for sauce or pies for Summer use.

When fixing a quantity of apples we always save the clean parings, and after stewing them well, sweeten and strain the juice and add it to our vinegar. It helps us to make good cider vinegar.

## TO PREVENT FLANNELS SHRINKING

By S. B. C.  
Wolfstown, Virginia

Let your flannels soak in cold water forty-eight hours. Set them on the stove in the same water and let it come to a boil. Remove and let stand twelve hours. After this treatment your flannels will remain just the size they were when you bought them.

## OLD PHOTOGRAPHS

By MRS. H. A. G.  
Wooster, Ohio

There are very few homes which have not numerous old photographs too precious to be thrown away, yet of interest to few besides the immediate family. These generally take up too much space to be kept where they can be gotten at conveniently, and so are carefully put in boxes in the store-room or attic, to be kept from the dust. So when we would gladly spend a few moments looking on the familiar faces and scenes, alas! it is too much trouble to get them out. Here is one solution of the problem: Put the photographs in clear, hot water, and in a short time the pictures can be easily removed from the cards. When dry, either trim down the picture (to economize space) or cut away the background entirely. This last requires care, but can be done without destroying the outline. Mount these in a scrap-book, or better still, a book made especially for kodak pictures. This book (or these books if more than one is needed) can be made very interesting by clever arrangement of the pictures, grouping relatives, school friends, army comrades, babies, out-of-door scenes, etc., in different portions of the book.

## FOR SHOE COMFORT

By ROSINA A. KINSMAN  
Quito, Ecuador, South America

To make new shoes comfortable, moisten the lining of the shoes or the stocking worn with alcohol and wear the shoes while drying. This makes the lining of the shoe stretch to fit the foot and prevents the pinching often caused by the lining alone. Using alcohol there is no danger of taking cold.

## KETTLE COVERS

By MRS. H. E. FIRTH  
Spokane, Washington

Of all the cook dishes the kettle covers are the most troublesome, when not in use. Try this; Make a large pocket of oil-cloth, binding strong with heavy braid; tack in a handy place near the cook-stove and you can see just the cover you want without handling all the others.

## USE OF FLAVORING EXTRACTS

By ELIZABETH M. ROBINSON  
Iowa City, Iowa

Flavoring extracts should not be added to sauce until it is cold; for if put in while hot much of the flavor passes off with the steam.

## TO KEEP GREEN VEGETABLES FRESH

By S. E. B.  
Denver, Colorado

To keep lettuce, celery cucumbers, etc., fresh several days, without ice, fold them loosely in a damp cloth. In this way they will keep even crisper than when put on ice.

# NOTE and COMMENT

By Frank Putnam

## FOR THE RAILWAY KINGS, OR FOR THE PEOPLE?

CONGRESS, assembling early this month, must grant or deny the nation's demand for a square deal in railway freight rates. **The people have become convinced that private control of rates on the public highways — the railways — is the main factor in building up the great trusts that strangle competition and rob consumers.** This conviction is the power behind the urgent popular demand that railway rates should be regulated by the federal government. Ray Stannard Baker in McClure's Magazine for November shows us exactly how a dozen private citizens, responsible only to railway managers, intent on charging the public not a fair rate but all that it possibly can pay, make rates in secret and in violation of law. President Roosevelt will ask congress this Winter to enact a law under which the people who support the railways can, through federal officials, get prompt and sure protection against extortionate and inequitable charges upon these highways of the nation's commerce. **When house and senate vote on this proposition we shall know exactly which members serve the people, and who are the others that give their first allegiance to the railway kings. They must toe the mark or quit the track.**

## THE LAST WHITE AUTOCRACY PASSES

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S place in history looms larger with every passing month. And while his mightiest tasks at home are still before him, he has achieved first rank among living statesmen by the part that he has taken in world affairs. As the author of the Portsmouth peace conference, he made opportunity for Serge Witte, and in so doing did more than any other one man to tear down the last of the great autocracies in the Caucasian world. Russia, seething with revolt against czardom,

needed only a leader great enough to command international respect for his program of reforms. Such a leader is Witte, and Witte, be it remembered, owes his chance to Theodore Roosevelt. Father Gapon, who led the first party of petitioners to the foot of the throne that they might baptize liberty's cause with the blood of martyrs; — these and the nameless heroes of the Black Sea mutiny, and Lyof Tolstoy, mightiest and most fearless spirit of them all — these men are the fathers of the new

Russia—the free Russia. First among their cooperators in the outer world must rank Mutsuhito of Japan, whose armies and navies pricked the bubble of autocratic greatness, showing the Russian people how mean and brainless was the power that oppressed them; and Roosevelt of America, who made peace and gave to distracted Russia a leader of genuine power.

In the following manifesto, dated at St. Petersburg October 30, 1905—and it is history of tremendous significance, perhaps the most important state paper issued in any land in a hundred years—is told the whole brief story of the passing of the czars as rulers by divine right, and the rise of one hundred and fifty millions of semi-serfs to the full stature of free members of a constitutional government:

"We, Nicholas the Second, by the Grace of God Emperor and Autocrat of all the Russias, Grand Duke of Finland, etc., declare to all our faithful subjects that the troubles and agitation in our capitals and in numerous other places fill our heart with excessive pain and sorrow.

"The happiness of the Russian sovereign is indissolubly bound up with the happiness of our people, and the sorrow of our people is the sorrow of the sovereign.

"From the present disorders may arise great national disruptions. They menace the integrity and unity of our empire.

"The supreme duty imposed upon us by our sovereign office requires us to efface ourself and to use all the forces and reason at our command to hasten in securing the unity and coordination of the power of

the central government and to assure the success of measures for pacification in all circles of public life, which are essential to the well-being of our people.

"We, therefore, direct our government to carry out our inflexible will in the following manner:

"First—To extend to the population the immutable foundations of civic liberty, based on the real inviolability of person, freedom of conscience, speech, union and association.

"Second—Without suspending the already ordered elections to the state Douma, to invite to participation in the Douma, so far as the limited time before the convocation of the Douma will permit, those classes of the population now completely deprived of electoral rights, leaving the development of the principle of the electoral right in general to the newly established legislative order of things.

"Third—To establish as an unchangeable rule that no law shall be enforceable without the approval of the state Douma and that it shall be possible for the elected of the people to exercise real participation in the supervision of the legality of the acts of the authorities appointed by us.

"We appeal to all the faithful sons of Russia to remember their duty toward the fatherland, to aid in terminating these unprecedented troubles and to apply all their forces, in cooperation with us, to

the restoration of calm and peace upon our natal soil.

"Given at Peterhof, October 30, in the 11th year of our reign.

"Nicholas."

However the forces of reaction may temporarily block the wheels of pro-

gress, they will never regain their lost power, their wasted opportunities. More and more the great plain people will assert *their* divine rights, as they are doing with increased ardor in every country under the sun, until Russia shall take rank with the most enlightened nations, peaceful and prosperous as she is powerful.

## THE SOVEREIGN STATE AND THE GOOD CITIZEN

THE individual citizen has more authority in the Nation today than he had in the State before railroads and telegraphs came in. He counts for more, has larger powers and can make them felt more quickly. These facts are a sufficient reply to Senator Morgan's speech warning the people against a federal railway rate law, on the ground that it would violate state sovereignty. States have no sanctity—as states, but only as they are successful in shielding the rights of their individual citizens. The individual has thrown aside the state shield in these later years, because he doesn't need it: he can protect his rights better by using the national government as his shield. Private exploiters of public property may wriggle and squirm and bellow as much as they please, but they cannot turn back the tide of social tendency.

**The people have adopted a new ideal: by its test the good citizen is the one who is content to own PRIVATE property, and the bad citizen is that one who wishes also to own PUBLIC property. The railway rate law agitation is a mere foreshadowing.**

## THE NEAR FUTURE OF THE FAR EAST

IS the Peace of Portsmouth only a signal for a ten-years' resting spell, preparatory to a new and vaster struggle for supremacy in Asia? Did Britain and Japan recognize this fact, in making their new treaty to last ten years from 1905?

Will China, when the ten years end, be strong enough in arms to take Britain's place at Japan's side and with her help abolish western sovereignty over eastern soil?

Have Japan and China a secret understanding looking to this end? And have Britain, Russia, Germany and France another secret understanding, pledging mutual support of their Asiatic claims, and to become operative ten years hence, or earlier, should occasion arise?

Whatever might be the true answers to these inquiries, could we but obtain them, the dust of the council chamber and the hubbub of excited "men in the street" have so far subsided that we can begin to get a fair idea of what really has taken place during the past year in the East, and what it all means for the near future at least.

Here we have the testimony of two of the most brilliant Asiatics that have ever visited America—men who know the West as well, or nearly as well, as they know the East. Yone Noguchi, the Japanese poet, honored in three continents for his work of the half dozen years last past, and now lecturing on American litera-

ture in a Japanese university, speaks for his people in a carefully prepared survey and forecast forwarded to the National Magazine from Tokyo under date of September 23, 1905. Baba Bharati, a keen and widely known scholar of India, interviewed in Los Angeles, California, by the Times, utters an extraordinary prophecy for the near future of his people, and for all Asiatics.

## JAPAN FEELS SURE OF TEN YEARS' RESPITE

By Yone Noguchi

OUR diplomacy—no, the English diplomacy very likely,—presented itself appropriately with the new Anglo-Japanese treaty, whose influences are mightily expanded. The chief points are as follows:

1.—The maintenance of the status quo in Asia.

1.—Japan to assist in the defence of India should that country be threatened.

3.—Mutual assistance to be rendered by each of the contracting powers to the other should either be attacked by even a single power.

Hereafter Japan is not alone in the far East. The independence of our country and the peace of the far East are well-nigh assured. Remember we are not alone in the Manchurian field, since we have England with us; and also America, spiritually. Our combined naval tonnage—England's and Japan's—is 1,900,000 tons. France, the second naval power of the world, has 600,000 tons, and Germany 400,000 tons, and Italy 300,000 tons. Suppose these powers threaten our interest in the far East? We have 600,000 tons more than they could afford. There is small fear of another war so long as our arms are joined with England's. At present, and also in the future, we need England for our ally. England is just the country for it.

And we must not forget to assist England in India. Yes, we will. Nothing will be lost for Japan thereby, since our independence and the eastern peace are

to be assured. Suppose Russia threatens India. Then our navy and army will attack Vladivostock and other eastern points, and Russia will be obliged to divide her strength. I am sure she will never commit any foolhardy act, having the new Anglo-Japanese treaty in sight. The danger in India is not clearly seen except on paper. Therefore I say that the eternal peace west of Suez is built securely.

True, it was the dream and wish, not only of our statesmen but of the nation herself, to combine ourselves with Russia some five or six years ago, when we had almost recovered from the very wound inflicted upon us by Russia in taking from us the Liaotung peninsula, and when we found that she was a dominant power to be reckoned with. We wanted to make an ally of Russia because it was proper to think of our own country's safety first, and we knew that Russia would never voluntarily move away from Manchuria. We thought that we—Russia and Japan—would get along nicely, Russia in Manchuria and Japan in Korea. We made up our minds to separate our domains of influence for our own interest. And then we proposed a certain offer through Marquis Yamagata, though it was not official, when we sent him to the czar's coronation celebration. What did Russia answer? And a year or so afterward, when Marquis Ito appeared in the Russian capital, he attempted to make Russia agree to a similar proposal. Alas, she was

extremely selfish and wholly absorbed in egotism and self indulgence. She wanted even Korea. She obstinately insisted on a naval station in southern Korea. Japan gave her up. And meanwhile we came to an agreement with England. How sudden it was, and what a diplomatic triumph for Japan! And we proclaimed that we would act against Russia. Our plan to pacify and moderate Russian greed tottered to pieces and we thought she was utterly irreconcilable. We determined to do everything to protect our own interest. We welcomed England with open arms. Undoubtedly Russia must think now that if she had accepted our good, sound offer, though it were not too generous, she would not have been obliged to see the fate she has today. The Russian failure was due to nothing but a lack of honesty and fair dealing. She did not want to do any legitimate business. Mystification and trickery she delighted in, and she managed the affair cleverly and even successfully up to a certain point. Today she is receiving every punishment she deserves. She has lost almost everything in the far East, materially. And what she has lost spiritually in the face of the world she will never regain. It is hard to gain a good reputation, but how easy to break one! She was a hypocrite and an untiring aggressor. And she said she was a Christian country, and sent her own preachers to Japan to convert our people! Are we heathen? Today the extraordinary dome which stands on the Surugadai height of Tokyo, calling itself a Russian church, appears to us nothing but a barbarous office and a savage demonstration. Doubtless the Russian government used her own religion and Bishop Nikolai merely as tools of her invasion. Japan was not so imbecile and savage as China or Korea, fortunately. Today we see the Nikolai cathedral shaking pitifully, with the grasses overgrowing it.

The well balanced, practical Britons

meant business and nothing else. And they had enough sympathy and earnestness to do everything in their power within the boundaries of business. We are glad of that. In fact, what a tremendous help it was in this gigantic war! Surely we had not been bold enough to launch on it were not England our ally.

We must share the half of our glory as a victorious nation. And the great moral support of mighty America made our position strong and secure. Japan, backed by England and America, was bound to win.

Our situation compelled us to fight with Russia, our own country being threatened by Russia, and we had not a moment to hesitate or think over whether it were to the interest of England and America or not. No other road was open to us but to declare war on Russia. Fortunately England and America had an equally good interest with us in the matter, and they showed their enthusiasm and sympathy in the Manchurian war. Certainly they will share equally with us in the fruits of victory. And it is natural for them to walk together on the same road with Japan. It is not extraordinary to have the new Anglo-Japanese agreement greatly improved today. England means business (America also) and we Japanese mean it, too. We will invest equally and gain profits equally. England will help us in the far East, while we promise our help in India.

It might be more comfortable for us to be wholly independent, but our present condition, our limited natural resources, and our immediate poverty do not permit it. If we were like America, having a mighty continent with tremendous resources and great population, no need to bring another country in. If we were like England, having no interest in neighboring countries and with inexhaustible wealth and a supreme navy to protect our own interest, there would be

no reason to ally ourselves with another nation.

But today Japan has almost spent her wealth in waging the Russia-Japan war, and we were barely so far successful as to drive Russia away from Korea and Manchuria. If we do not keep a very sharp watch and establish ourselves firmly in those countries (and that means money and money), Russia will soon find her own way to be aggressive and to invade again. And a thousand other things we have crowded on our back. We must enlarge our navy, and we must invest money in Korea and Port Arthur. We must adjust the Saghalien affair. God knows what else. We expanded our business to make it more profitable, and, alas, we have little money to put in. We must have vast sums to make a sound business foundation, and to begin with we must have

peace of mind. Peace of mind, yes, that is the thing. We are surely to have it, since we made the new Anglo-Japanese agreement. And slowly we will build up our business. We are still in the stage of boyhood, barely out of babyhood. We must have some sort of protector and there is nobody better than England. England will help us materially, America will feed us spiritually.

We need at least ten years to adjust our financial affairs, and to make us a really great eastern power. Could the Anglo-Japanese alliance afford us ten years?

If so?

We will be grateful to England, and will never hesitate to make any amount of sacrifice for her when need arises.

We depend on the new agreement to realize our own dream and work out our own destiny in the far East.

## ALL ASIA TO FIGHT ALL EUROPE IN 1915

By Baba Bharati

[An Interview in the Los Angeles, California, Times]

THE peace of Portsmouth will affect India in one way, and yet it will not affect her at all in another way. India, of course, along with the rest of Asia, was expecting to have Russia driven out of the far East entirely, which would have made the Japanese position much more powerful than it is now, under the conditions of the treaty signed at Portsmouth. With Russia driven out of the far East, Japan could have escaped the necessity of entering into a fresh treaty with England.

England had proved to her, Japan, an untrustworthy ally, an ally whose insincerity was apparent to Japan on many occasions during the progress of the war. The reason was not far to seek; England's insincere friendship to Japan was due to her sincere fear of the over-

shadowing ascendancy into which Japan was mounting after each victory. The British lion in India trembled to its claws after the astonishingly brilliant feats of the Japanese army. He did not know where he was. Complete fulfillment of Japanese aspirations in the field of Manchuria would have left the British in a hopeless state of anxiety as to the future of their empire in India; but now they are breathing more freely.

Who can say how much covert influence the British had, along with some other Powers, in bringing about the Portsmouth deal, shorn of a single kopeck of indemnity and full of so many unexpected concessions to Russia?

The Indian people understand all this and are sorry for it all; not so much for the gain Russia has derived from the

treaty as for the gain England has derived from it in the shape of her fresh offensive and defensive alliance with Japan. England was playing her cards to this end, and she has succeeded in obtaining it. She wanted Japan to weaken Russia only, and not to become the paramount power in the far East by driving Russia out entirely. The weakening of Russian power, and peace, along with the resultant offensive and defensive treaty, was all she was scheming for, and she has got it.

Disarmed for the last half century by their British rulers, with machine guns gaping at them from all directions, the Indian people were becoming more and more demoralized. They were on the verge of abandoning all hope that the night of British rule in India would pass away; but now the boom of Togo's and Oyama's all-powerful guns has filled them with the hope that the dawn is near enough. The Japanese victories have aroused the almost dead hearts of the Indian people to fresh life, life full of sanguine hope. This is the most distinct gain they see, and the Portsmouth treaty cannot affect this net result, full of potentialities and possibilities of their near political freedom.

**Will the Japanese-English treaty settle permanently the question concerning the English government of India?**

No. The greatest lesson that India has drawn from this war is that it is not merely guns that win victories, but superior intelligence, concentration and whole-souled love and devotion to king, country and ideals of life. These were the greatest factors in the crushing defeat given to the mightiest of white hordes with whose help the tyrants of Europe are now oppressing the mild Asians. It is the superior intelligence of Togo, Oyama, Yamagata, Oku, Nodzu, Nogi and Kuroki and the ideal morale and contempt for death of the soldiers which have demonstrated the wonderful fact that spirit-illuminated

brain and body are any day more than a match for the bravery born of a beef-fed brain, a matter-fed mind and a rum-fed spirit. And the Hindus are more than sure that their people have a greater share of these winning, spiritual and moral qualities than the rest of the Asiatics including the Japanese, whose consciousness is but a part of the whole Hindu consciousness.

**In your judgment is this a permanent peace? If not, what do you anticipate concerning the developments of the future?**

By no means is this a permanent peace; for it is a patched-up peace, founded upon insincere feelings on both sides. When Russia, Germany and France deprived Japan of the fruits of her victory over China, Japan submitted to the injustice, and bided her time for avenging this high-handed wrong and injustice. She wanted time to prepare for a greater struggle, to give the arch-interloper a sound licking; and for chasing him out of Manchuria, ten years' time was enough to carry her purpose into execution. The mikado and his ministers are long-headed people, longer-headed diplomats and politicians than you can find in the whole West. Another ten years' time is needed for China's awakening, which has already begun under the influence of the Japanese, an awakening which no European power can now prevent, or all European powers put together have any right to prevent. Japan has earned this right of opportunity to awaken China.

The new Anglo-Japanese treaty is only good for ten years of bland friendship between the Jap and the Briton. In another ten years Japan, in company with awakened China, will be ready for action against all the white intruders in the East.

In 1915, the centenary of the battle of Waterloo, the whole of Asia and Europe will be plunged into a war before whose feats the feats of the war just closed will shrivel into insignificance.



DELEGATES OF TWELVE AMERICAN REPUBLICS AT THE INTERNATIONAL SANITARY CONVENTION IN WASHINGTON. THE DELEGATES, SANITARY OFFICERS OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLICS, ADOPTED A GENERAL AGREEMENT OF FORTY-NINE ARTICLES, MOST IMPORTANT OF THEM BEING THE NEW METHOD OF HANDLING YELLOW FEVER. HEREAFTER — IF THEIR GOVERNMENTS APPROVE THE CONVENTION'S PLAN, AS THEY VERY LIKELY WILL—THERE WILL BE NO INTERFERENCE WITH TRAINS AT BOUNDARY LINES OR FRONTIERS BECAUSE OF THE PREVALENCE OF YELLOW FEVER, NOR WILL MAILS BE INTERFERED WITH. THE CONVENTION ACCEPTED THE MOSQUITO-TRANSMISSION THEORY AS AN ESTABLISHED FACT.